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THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. ALEXANDER BASSANO.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne a society (which ought to exist in every ancient town) has been established for the purpose of erecting tablets over the dwellings of its great men, or on buildings which have been the scene of any historical event. It is necessary, however, to exercise a nice judgment in these matters, and I am not quite certain (unless great events have been exceptionally rare in Newcastle) that the Novocastrian mind has not shown itself too liberal. One of the tablets (for there are only two at present) bears this inscription: "From one of the windows of this house Bessy Surtees [they might surely have called her Elizabeth] eloped with John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon, on Nov. 22, 1772." This seems to be a small record for a period of 116 years. I think, too, "one of the windows" sounds a little vague. I should have said boldly "out of the attic window," to give the lady as long a drop, and her lover as difficult a task to catch her, as possible. If she got out of the kitchen window and walked up the area steps, where is the romance of the thing? Any sensational novelist would have turned out a much better tablet; such as, "Through this skylight Bessie Surtees precipitated herself into the arms of the Lord Chancellor of England."

It is something to be at the head of one's profession, be it what it may, though, of course, there are great gaps, as between banking and literature. Mr. John Ledger, of New York, it seems, has just established his claim to the Onion-Eating Championship of the United States. Like other stations of exceptional eminence, it was not, however, gained without a severe struggle—and even tears. The combatants, we are told, "wept copiously" even over their first "bulb," and "their seconds stood beside them and wiped away their falling tears." It must have been an affecting spectacle, and have delighted more than one sense, for the eating of onions is not a selfish enjoyment. It is diffused. When it was proposed to the author of "The Haunted Hotel" to dramatise his novel, he is said to have humorously observed, "My good Sir, how can I? As soon as the ghost comes on the stage the audience would leave the house; for the ghost, remember, is a smell." The referee in the onion contest had to leave the room, so extreme was his emotion; and the seconds were constantly asking for fresh air. After the seventh bulb, however, the victory was complete, and "Ledger now challenges the World."

The influence of imaginative literature upon property has never yet, I suppose, been even made the subject of an essay; but it is, nevertheless, a tangible fact; not only does the association of a man of genius confer a value upon the dwelling-house he inhabited, but in some cases, as has been done by the novels and poems of Scott, whole districts have been enriched by it. To judge by the names of the new inns and coaches in the neighbourhood of Exmoor, and the interest its scenery now excites, it is probable that its material prosperity has been similarly increased by the author of "Lorna Doone." The latest instance is the sum paid by the Marquis Carlo Gineri for the island of Monte Cristo, which owes its very name to Alexandre Dumas. It is pleasant to reflect that, though literature is so poor a trade, its professors, at least, confer prosperity on other people.

It appears from the obituary notices of the late Mr. Blanchard that his services as a pantomime-writer had long been superseded, in favour of processions and music-hall songs, and his skill confined to the opening of the pieces. This explains the otherwise unaccountable stupidity and want of cohesion in this class of entertainment. It was difficult to understand how anything composed by the human mind could be so dull and aimless; but it appears that it was only manufactured, after the first start, by the stage carpenter. Why should it happen that all of us who are not small children should be bored to death by the senseless words and ways of a pantomime? Surely, where so much money is spent in all other directions, a fifty-pound note could be given for a story with some sort of connection, and even some gleams of humour. However brilliant may be the spectacle to the eye, the outrage upon the ear is unpardonable; and theatrical managers are surely to blame that the literature of pantomime is at present little better than that of the circus.

The few hotel-keepers who have defended themselves in the *Times* from the accusation of extortionate charges have evaded the question by the statement that they have fixed rates of 10s. 6d. (though quite as often 12s. 6d.) *per diem*, which covers everything. This, however, is only of service to those who contemplate a long sojourn; and even in that case it is inconvenient, except to the innkeeper, since it hampers his guests and prevents them from taking excursions, lest they should have to pay twice over for their meals. The simple fact is that everything is now charged for at famine prices, and some things, such as attendance—at 1s., 1s. 6d., and even 2s. a day—which ought not to be charged for at all. I have been a constant frequenter of hotels for many years, and having work to do that requires solitude am obliged to have a sitting-room. Up to ten years ago the total expense of our hotel bill (as I am very moderate as to wine) never exceeded one pound a head *per diem*; it is now rarely less than thirty shillings—without any improvement in the accommodation. I notice at the *tables d'hôte* that—no doubt owing to the extortionate charges of the wine list—wine is far less commonly drunk than it used to be: one of the many signs that hotel-keepers are overreaching themselves in this matter.

Two German schoolboys have been unable to survive the disgrace of being plucked for the *Abiturientenprüfung*, and have shot themselves with revolvers. In a statement left behind them they say that they were driven to do so by their *Ehrgeiz*, which one would suppose was their examiner, but is merely their *amour propre*. It is one of the worst features of

the present competitive system that its victims have no sense of proportion. As a matter of fact, in six months' time it signifies little, except in a few cases, whether our *Abiturientenprüfung* has been passed or missed; but it is too often treated as the Rubicon of life. The gift of assimilation—the digestion of information—is often denied even to youths of intelligence, and is not much to boast about at best: and the fancy value that is ascribed to it—though it is, of course, very right and proper to rate the object of our boys' studies highly—is, after all, the invention of the pedagogue. The character of the student, a matter of much greater importance, is always subordinated to this faculty, and his morals (as was obviously the case with these misguided youths) are often totally neglected. Competitive examinations are, of course, far better than the old ways of patronage and nepotism; but they are not measures of merit in a high sense, nor is it necessarily disgraceful to fail in them.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has had the good sense to enter his protest against the tyranny of evening dress. His power is limited, and he can only make objection to its being used at marriages, for which he will, therefore, give no special licenses after five p.m. It is said, indeed, that his objection is founded on the similarity of the ceremony to fashionable entertainments which evening attire suggests, and the ecclesiastical ukase at the late Gloucester Festival that visitors should wear morning costume gives colour to this belief. But surely it is more charitable to suppose that his Grace has broader views, and is willing to do what he can for the enfranchisement of mankind at large in this particular. Your born aristocrat is said (by those who believe in him) to look noble in everything; but why should ordinary persons be compelled to run the risk of being mistaken for waiters every time they go out to dinner? If the Church in general goes in for liberty in this direction it has a great future before it. Such a movement, moreover, must be admitted to arise from no selfish motive, since a clergyman, of all men, requires the least change of costume to suit the requirements of fashion in this respect. His white tie is already *en évidence*, and even a Bishop has only to take off his gaiters to be ready to say grace at any table.

The Eastbourne Board of Guardians will not, from motives of decorum, allow their paupers to sit to artists. This is not, as might be imagined, from a conscientious objection to the "undraped figure"; it certainly would not be becoming that the hours of recreation of their charges should be passed in posturing as Pucks or Oberons: but no such outrage, it seems, was contemplated. It was only the more ancient inmates of the house whom Art required: not their charms, but their venerable appearance, were what the artist yearned to transfer to canvas. But the guardians will not sanction "the putting of aged inmates to pictorial uses." This seems to me to be harshness under the mask of delicacy. Why should these poor creatures be debarred from earning a few shillings in the only way that is open to them, and that with nothing disreputable about it? Persons of the highest position have lent themselves to painters for the same purpose, and do so to this day. Nobody, of course, would like to be represented in an unpleasant guise, though I believe the gamblers in Mr. Frith's Monaco picture were drawn from fashionable life, and submitted to the ordeal with much cheerfulness. If the Local Government Board is so extraordinarily solicitous about its venerable charges (which one is glad to hear), let them stipulate that no Fagins or other objectionable characters shall be represented; but what harm there can be in turning poor old Giles Scroggins into a Belisarius—and with the obolus in his pocket too—one cannot conceive.

If one could only tell "when the luck would turn," how different life would be to us! Some people's patience is so soon exhausted, and that of others, though it is so long-suffering, so often just fails them when all would have been well. "If he had only waited," we say, "for a few days more before he committed the rash act"; but then it was not we who had to wait, but he. There are few things to my mind so pitiful in human affairs as the poor shipwrecked mariner's letting go his hold just as the life-boat, which would have saved him, rounds the point and comes into view. The lesson to be laid to heart, no doubt, is "Hold on to the last"; but in the stress of the storm, and the trough of the sea, and when hope itself has died before us, it hardly seems worth while. A working plasterer, the papers tell us, has just unexpectedly inherited a million and a half of money; and only twelve months ago his wife put an end to herself, from the unendurable pangs of abject poverty! If she had only known, poor soul! Nay, if her friends—or for that matter her enemies—had only known, how "accommodating" she would have found them!

A gentleman who couldn't read has been giving ten pounds in change for two fivers of the Bank of Elegance. He wishes, he said, that "he had been a scholar," not knowing, I suppose, the simplicity of that class of people. The accused person would have us believe *him* quite as ignorant of the wiles of the world. He could not understand the notes were wrong, for he only got "half a thick 'un" (ten shillings) from their original proprietor for getting them changed, which seems, however, a large percentage for his services. Now, since all this misconception exists about "Notes of Elegance," would it not be better to put down the manufacture of them altogether? Their only purpose at the best is to make fools of our fellow-creatures; and, when these happen to be poor people, the joke is an exceedingly cruel one.

The embarrassment manifested by M. Diebler at Saint Pierre—where, it seems, the Republic has "many friends but not one executioner"—on finding an old acquaintance in the gentleman he had come over professionally to guillotine, did his feelings honour. But in old times officials were not so delicate. In Walter Scott's *Life* we read of a Scotch Judge (Braxley, if I remember right) who, on discovering he had to

doom to death one who had had many a game of chess with him, added to the dread sentence of the law, "There, Johnnie, my man, I've checkmated you *this time*," with much humorous enjoyment.

When Swift praised the Houyhnhnms at the expense of mankind, he could not have guessed how very superior, in point of money value, the horse was one day destined to prove. I read that Donovan, as a two-year-old, won £16,000 in stakes for his master, and as a three-year-old nearly double that money. The man-child is a source of loss instead of gain to his parents till he comes to years of indiscretion—when he becomes much more expensive. Even the Infant Roscius did not begin his "performances" till after his second lustrum; at fourteen he had produced for his parents £43,000, exactly the sum that Donovan has realised on the turf, and he is not yet four years old! No father, however proud of his son at a public school (which they always are, as though it was some sort of merit to be there), can vie with the owner of "a horse in the stable" of this kind.

THE NEW MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE.

An important political step has been taken by the establishment of a Board of Agriculture for Great Britain, as the Act which has recently been passed came into operation on the appointment of the President of the Board. The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, having accepted the Presidency of the Board, is the first of a new series of Ministers of Agriculture for this country. By this arrangement, the policy of the English Government, so far as agriculture is concerned, has been brought more in accordance with that of the other Governments of the world, as it is now recognised by law that the Government has a duty to perform in stimulating and encouraging agriculture. The more immediate effect will be that a number of scattered offices which deal with rural affairs will be consolidated into one department, under one responsible head. Not only will the Board have the power of making grants in aid of schools or lectures on agriculture or forestry (apart from public elementary schools), or for the inspection of and reporting on any examinations in such matters, but it may also make or aid in making such inquiries, experiments, or research as it may think important for the purpose of promoting the advancement of agriculture and forestry. Beyond that, the Land Commission is practically abolished, as all persons holding office under it are transferred to the new Board, and no new Commissioners are to be appointed. There are transferred to the Board duties and powers under seventy-one Acts of Parliament. The main feature of the arrangement is the consolidation of present offices, and the appointment of a Minister who will be responsible to Parliament for all matters relating to agriculture and forestry. Beyond this the new department has certain functions to discharge which in the past have been discharged by voluntary effort.

That the Minister of Agriculture will be practically the Board is admitted. Nominally, the Board consists of "the Lord President of the Council, her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, the First Commissioner of her Majesty's Treasury, the Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Secretary for Scotland, and such other persons (if any) as her Majesty the Queen may from time to time think fit to appoint during her Majesty's pleasure." This Board was duly formed on the appointment of its President by the Queen.

The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin has been well known as an able and influential member of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons for twenty years past. He was born in 1840, second son of the late Rev. Henry Chaplin, his mother being Caroline Horatia, daughter of William Ellice, Esq.; he is nephew to the late Charles Chaplin, Esq., of Blankney Hall, Lincolnshire, to whose estates he succeeded. Mr. Chaplin was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church College, Oxford. In 1876 he married Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, daughter of the present Duke of Sutherland and of the Countess of Cromartie, Duchess of Sutherland; but Mrs. Chaplin died in 1881. Mr. Chaplin is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of Lincolnshire. He was elected M.P. for Mid-Lincolnshire in December 1868, and in 1885 for the Sleaford Division of that county, where he now seeks re-election.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano.

An exhibition of antiquities, lent to the London Corporation by Mr. W. Rome, C.C., is now on view in the Guildhall Library. Besides illustrating the various styles of ancient art, the collection also shows how modern craftsmen have availed themselves of the ideas and designs conceived by those who preceded them in the dark ages.

The centenary of the discovery of uranium by Klaproth has been marked by the finding of a continuous lode at the Union Mine, Grampond-road, Cornwall. This discovery is regarded as unique in the history of the metal, for the lode is what is known as a true fissure vein, and the ore is found to contain an average of 12 per cent of the pure metal, the assays going up as high as 30 per cent in some parts of the lode. Several tons of the ore have already been raised and sold, fetching high prices. It is anticipated that the present discovery will enable two important applications of the metal to be followed up. The first is as a substitute for gold in electro-plated ware, inasmuch as with platinum and copper it forms two beautiful alloys, each having the appearance of gold, and the former also resisting the action of acids. The second application is in connection with electric installations, where its usefulness consists in its high electrical resistance. The rarity of this metal is indicated by its market price, which is about £2400 per ton.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the account of his voyage to Canada which he is contributing to the *Daily Telegraph*, says: "Ice on the starboard bow!" The watch on the fore-castle sang this out early in the day before our steamer made the Belleisle Lights, and many on board had then their first opportunity of beholding that lovely but terrible peril of the sea—a floating iceberg. This particular specimen glimmered on the distant surface like a huge sea-beryl, with a pale greenish glow, and was perhaps as large as Salisbury Cathedral, with five or six times as much bulk below water as what was visible. Near to it floated some smaller hummocks and pieces of floe—the *avant-garde* of the frosty flotilla which might now be expected upon our path. Save for this danger of icebergs, and of the fogs which too frequently beset the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it is perfectly evident to any competent observer that this route would become not only a favourite highway to the New World, but would formidably and permanently threaten the popularity of the direct roads pursued by other lines. The icebergs are a great drawback, and they are, unfortunately, most to be expected in those summer months when alone the navigation is open."

THE COURT.

The Queen, since her arrival at Balmoral, has greatly improved in health. Her Majesty takes walking exercise daily, and nearly every afternoon goes out for a long drive. She has not during her present visit attended Divine service in the parish church of Crathie, but has been present at the prayers in the Castle. On Sept. 11 the Queen paid her first private visit, apart from that of the Highland Gathering at Braemar, to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and stayed to tea. Her Majesty drove over from Balmoral, accompanied by the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duchess of Athole being in waiting. Following the Queen in a phaeton were Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. Lord Knutsford and Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. In the afternoon of the 13th her Majesty, accompanied by the two Princesses, drove to Birkhall, and honoured the Hon. Lady Biddulph with a visit. The Earl of Hopetoun arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Miss Florence Christie had the honour of singing before her Majesty and the Royal family. She was accompanied by her sister. The Earl of Hopetoun had the honour of an audience of the Queen on the 14th, and kissed hands on his appointment as Governor of the Colony of Victoria. He was invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, drove to Danzig Shiel. Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.S.I., arrived at the castle, and dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 15th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Archibald Campbell, Minister of Crathie, officiated. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princess Alice and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, drove to Abergeldie and paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie. The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty. Colonel Sir Edward Bradford had the honour of again dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Earl Cadogan has succeeded Lord Knutsford at Balmoral as Minister in attendance on the Queen. The Dowager Duchess of Athole has left Balmoral, and the Countess of Erroll has arrived, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen.

The Prince of Wales was present at Divine service in Mar Lodge private chapel on Sunday morning, Sept. 15, the Rev. Garden Duff officiating. Among the congregation were Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Lord Londonderry, and the Duchess of Manchester.

A ball, preceded by a torchlight dance by the clansmen, who were present to the number of eighty, was given on the night of Sept. 13 at Mar Lodge, by the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Duke's party consisted of the Prince of Wales, Princess Albert and George, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Duchess of Manchester, Lord Charles Montagu, Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, Hon. Miss Stonor, Mr. Horace Farquhar, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, General Macdonald, Major Finch, Sir Edward Bradford, General Teesdale, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, and Lady Borthwick.

The *Bombay Gazette* says the programme for Prince Albert Victor's cold-weather tour has been arranged and sent home for final approval. He will arrive in Bombay in the beginning of November, and will proceed at once to Poona, where he will be the guest of Lord Reay, at Gunesh Khind. He will then proceed to Hyderabad, and will also visit Bhownugger, and open the new port on that coast. His Highness the Gaekwar has invited the Prince to visit Baroda, where the new palace will be at his disposal. The Prince will then make his tour through India, but it is not settled whether he will visit Burmah. He will leave Bombay for England in March next year.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have obtained her Majesty's sanction to return to England by way of Ceylon, China, Japan, and Canada. They will leave India in the middle of March, and will probably arrive in England in June.

THE NEW TOWNHALL, DEWSBURY.

The prosperous manufacturing town of Dewsbury, which must have a population of nearly 30,000, with its neighbour Batley, is the seat of a busy industry in the woollen, blanket, carpet, worsted, and other trades. It is situated on the river Calder, seven or eight miles from Huddersfield, nine from Leeds, and five from Wakefield. Dewsbury is a place of great antiquity, being the traditional site of the first Christian church founded in Northumbria by the missionary Paulinus; but it has, for the past quarter of a century, been a municipal borough, with its Mayor and Town Council; and the opening of its newly built Townhall, of which we give an illustration, on Sept. 17, was an important event. This edifice, designed by Messrs. Henry Holton and G. A. Fox, architects, of Dewsbury, and constructed under their superintendence, has been nearly three years in progress. The opening ceremony was performed by the Mayor of the borough, Mr. Alderman John Walker. The Marquis of Ripon, as Chairman of the West Riding County Council, the Lord Mayor of York, ten of the Mayors of the West Riding, and the Bishop of Wakefield were invited to Dewsbury upon the occasion, and the Mayor entertained three hundred guests at luncheon in the Industrial Hall. There was a street procession, in which the practical work of the staple trades of Dewsbury was actually demonstrated; and this was followed by a public fête at the Crow Nest Park, which has been acquired by the Corporation for a place of public recreation. In the evening there was a display of fireworks and a ball, to which some 700 guests were invited.

The Duke of Cleveland has given £500 towards the restoration of Barningham Church, Barnard Castle.

THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL G. T. FIELD.

Our last week's Obituary recorded the death of Lieutenant-General George Thomas Field, who served in the Crimean War of 1854-6, as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General to the Royal Artillery, taking part in the siege and fall of



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL G. T. FIELD, R.A.

Sebastopol, and with the expedition to Kertch. From December 1855 till June 1856 he was Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Crimea, afterwards Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at Woolwich, and Acting Governor of the General Hospital, Woolwich. He became also Second Commandant and Inspector at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and in 1877 was appointed Colonel Commanding the Royal Artillery of the Northern District, where he remained till 1881. He retired, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, in 1885. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lambert Weston and Son, Dover.

The annual conference of the diocese of St. Asaph opened at Rhyl Townhall at noon on Sept. 17. The proceedings were invested with more than usual interest, in consequence of the welcome given the new Bishop of the diocese.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce met at Hull on Sept. 17, under the presidency of Colonel Hill, C.B. In the course of his opening address he congratulated his audience on the continued progress in trade, and suggested various methods by which the improvement might be maintained. There were twenty-eight resolutions on the agenda relating to the recovery of debts, the law of bankruptcy, the registration of trade marks, the protection of patent rights, railway rates, commercial education, and other interesting topics.

PROPOSED RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

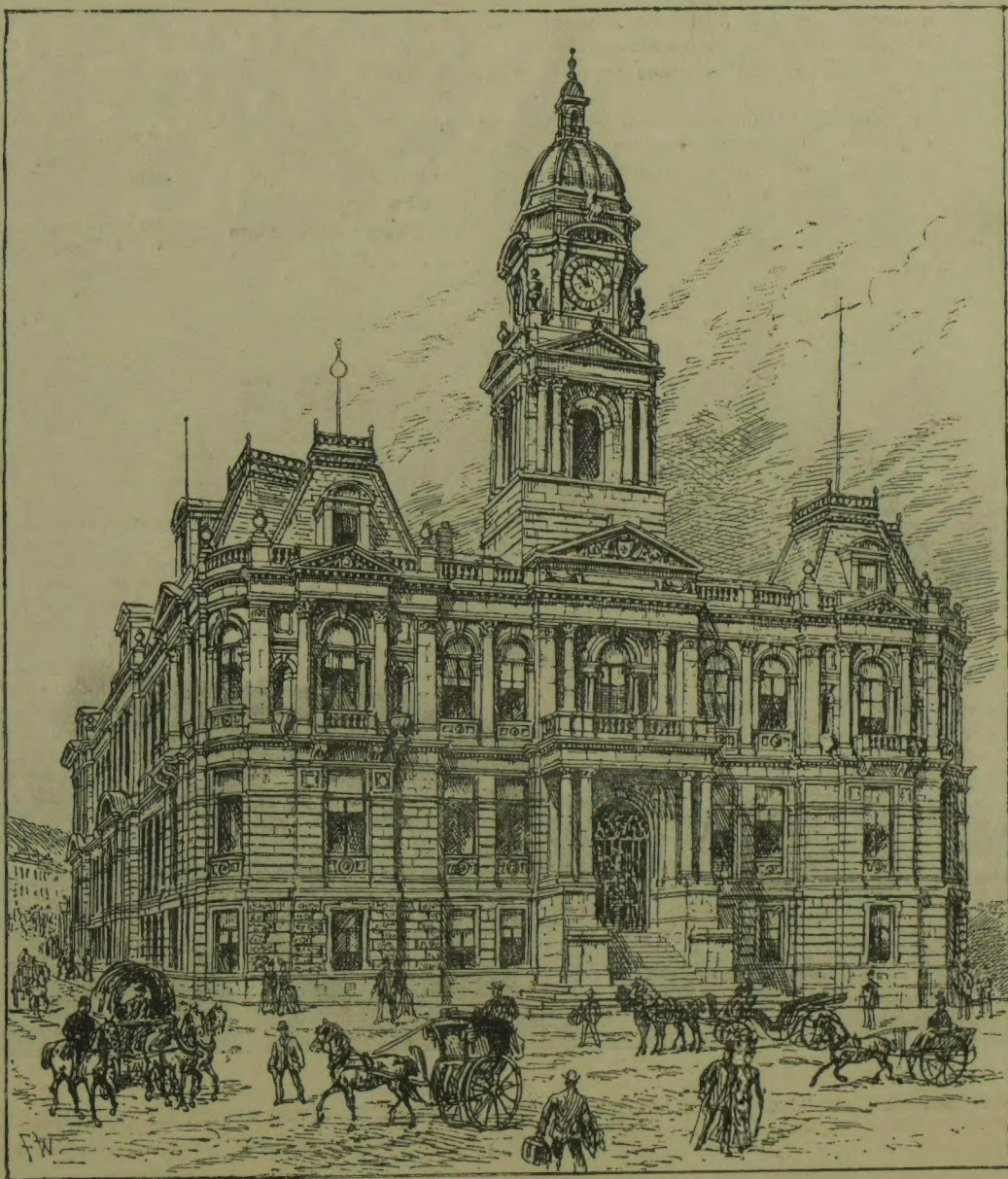
The opposition of Chinese bigotry and timidity, for many years past, to the construction of railways in that vast and populous country has repeatedly been exposed. A quarter of a century ago, the projected line from Shanghai to Soochow, undertaken by an English company, and supported by the mercantile community of Shanghai, was stopped by the Chinese Government; and on the line actually constructed from Shanghai to Woo-sung the rails were taken up, so that it was never opened for traffic. Only a few months ago, the young Emperor was persuaded to forbid the extension of the short Tientsin line, in North China, to Tungchow, a few miles from Peking, which had been approved by the most powerful Viceroy, with the support, it is believed, of Prince Chun, the Emperor's father, and of the Empress Dowager. It is a great surprise, therefore, and it seems to be very good news, that an Imperial decree has been issued ordering the construction of a trunk line from Peking across the country to Hankow, a treaty port on the Yangtze, and the greatest trade mart in Central China. The foreign trade of Hankow last year amounted to about eleven millions sterling. The decree may be taken as the final decision of the Emperor and his Government that railways are a necessity for China, and that their construction is to take place with such speed as circumstances, pecuniary and other, will admit.

A railway from Peking to Hankow, in a straight line nearly seven hundred miles, is such a large undertaking that it is evidently no mere experiment, but the beginning of what may be called a "Grand Trunk Line," which is to be carried through the middle of China from north to south. It starts at the capital of the Empire, and will run almost due south to Hankow, on the north bank of the Yangtze Kiang. Before this great river can be crossed at that place another Forth Bridge will be required, for the Yangtze Kiang is there a mile wide, the same span as the Forth at Queensferry.

About halfway between Peking and Hankow the railway will have to cross the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, a stream that has earned for itself the name of "China's Sorrow," from the number of times it has flooded the country it passes through. There will, no doubt, be some engineering difficulties at this point; but when they are surmounted and the line made it will, like the railways in India, be the means of preventing famine, or at least help to avert the severer forms of distress, by giving a quick and ample means of forwarding food supplies when a scarcity occurs from the accident of the river overflowing its banks.

Taking the line so far as it has been sanctioned by the late Imperial decree, it will, when made, be of great advantage from a commercial point of view. Most of our first lines of railway followed the course of the existing canals; and, curiously enough, this first line in China does the same. It will follow the line of the Grand Canal, but diverge westward from it as it comes south. The Grand Canal tapped the commerce of the Yangtze Kiang at Chin-Kiang, and the railway will tap it at Hankow. As the Great River is a busy stream of commerce from east to west, across the whole breadth of the Empire, the goods traffic on the railway ought to be large. The passenger traffic on Chinese railways is a matter there need be no doubt whatever about. The steam-boats on the river have already supplanted the antique junk, the one is deserted for the other, and the steamers are crowded by those who have to travel; and we may be sure that the Chinaman will in the same way appreciate the advantages of the railway.

The city of Hankow, with the adjacent towns of Wu-shang, the capital of the province of Hupeh, on the opposite south bank of the Yangtze Kiang, and Hanyang, on the right bank of the Han River, is 582 geographical miles west of Shanghai, occupying a central position of great importance to commerce with the heart of China. Our View of the confluence of the Han River with the Yangtze Kiang, just below the two Han towns, is from a Sketch by Mr. W. Simpson, taken on the "bund," or river embankment, in front of the British Consulate; Wu-shang, across the Yangtze Kiang, is seen in the distance. It shows little of the extent of Hankow, which continues two miles and a half on flat ground up the river that gives it its name; while Hanyang, an old half-ruined fortified town, stands on a precipitous range of hills. The Pagoda Hill commands a wide prospect of the meeting river waters, the immense plain to the north, sometimes flooded in summer, and the hills that rise on the banks of the Yangtze Kiang some miles above the city. Hankow itself has a population of 600,000, and that of the three cities altogether is estimated at one million. The first European official visit to Hankow was that of Lord Elgin in 1858; but in 1861 this town was visited by Admiral Sir James Hope and Sir Harry Parkes, was declared a Treaty Port open to foreign trade, and a British settlement was formed here, which is governed by its own Municipal Council, like Shanghai. It has, to a certain extent, superseded Canton as a great shipping port for the teas, cotton, silk, oils, drugs, and other produce of Southern China, and for the import of cotton and woollen manufactures. Hankow, indeed, being an inland port for seagoing vessels, is a formidable rival to the coast ports, and may become still more important by the introduction of steam-boats on the Upper Yangtze Kiang, from I-chang to Chung King. We lately noticed a book, "Through the Yangtze Gorges," by Mr. Archibald John Little, which gives an exact account of this project of inland steam navigation, and of the picturesque mountain and river scenery above I-chang, which is a thousand miles from the sea. No country in the world, except North America by the Mississippi and Missouri, and South America by the La Plata and its tributaries, has such great natural facilities as China for traffic with its far interior; and if Hankow, commanding the navigation of the Yangtze Kiang from east to west, is to have railway communication also with the north and south, its commercial destiny will be magnificent indeed. It is not impossible that the Grand Trunk Railway of China may some day be carried onward to Canton.



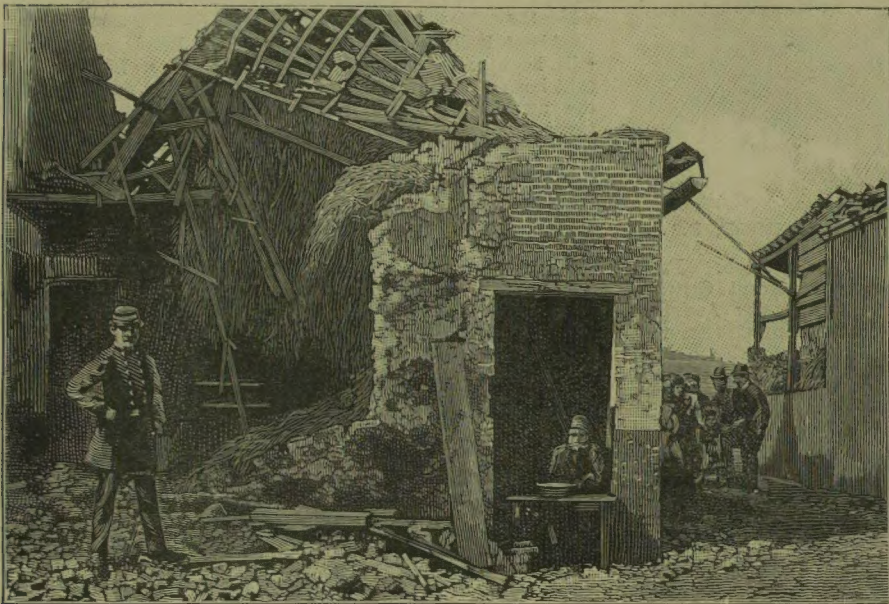
THE NEW TOWNHALL, DEWSBURY, YORKSHIRE.



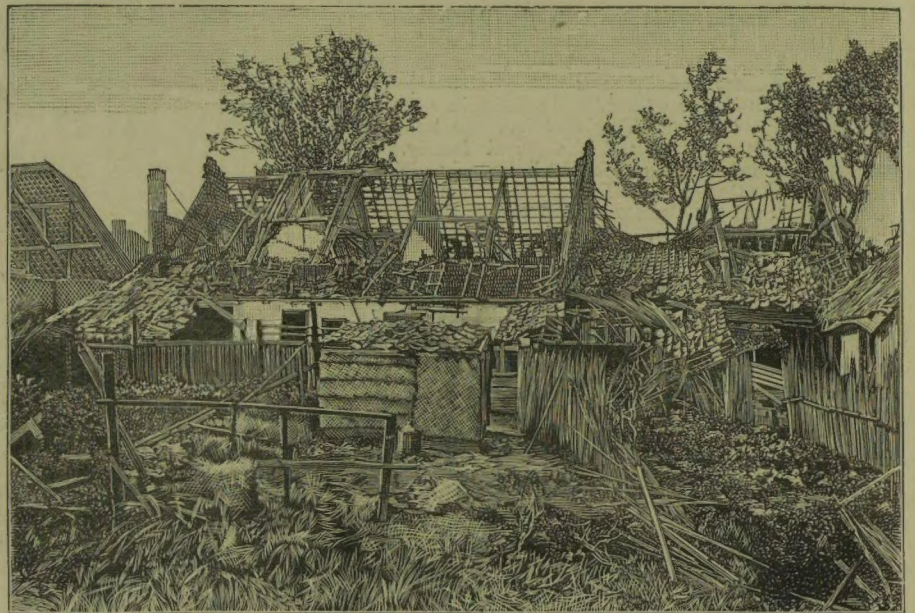
RUINS OF THE CARTRIDGE WORKS.



WRECKED HOUSES.



WRECKED HOUSES.

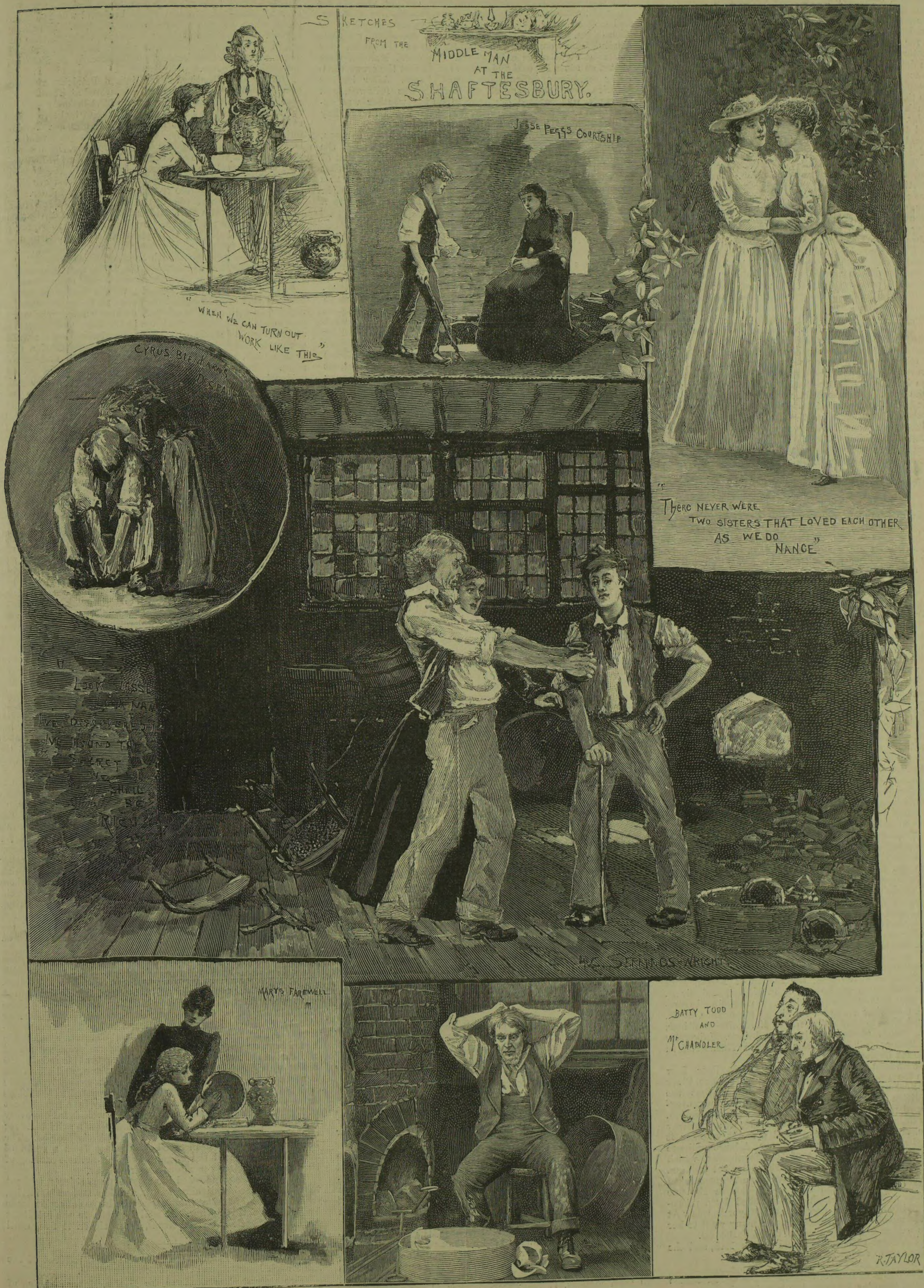


WRECKED HOUSES.

EFFECTS OF THE FIRE AND EXPLOSION AT ANTWERP.



THE PROPOSED RAILWAYS IN CHINA: HANKOW, JUNCTION OF THE HAN RIVER WITH THE YANGTSE KIANG.



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The opening meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Sept. 11, was largely attended by members and associates. The chair having been vacated by the retiring President, Sir F. Bramwell, his successor, Professor W. H. Flower, delivered the opening address, which related chiefly to museums. He held that the primary principle which ought to underlie the arrangement of all museums, especially for objects of natural history, was the distinct separation of the two purposes for which collections were made: the first, a publicly exhibited collection such as the ordinary visitor could understand and profit by; and the second, for students, so arranged as to afford every facility for examination and research. The improvements that could be made in detail, in both departments, he said, were endless. The address contained many practical suggestions.

The sections met next day, each with a considerable audience. Perhaps the best attended was the geographical section. There Sir Francis De Winton drew attention to the science of applied geography, and then passed in review the most recent explorations and discoveries. Speaking of Mr. Stanley's explorations in Africa, he remarked that we might at any moment receive news of his successful return to the east coast. Professor Burden Sanderson, president of the biological section, being ill, his address was read by Canon Tristram. It dealt largely with questions relating to elementary endowments of living matter as exemplified in the phenomena of life. Mr. William Anderson, president of the mechanical section, in his address drew attention to the extended use of petroleum in the arts as a working and heating agent, illuminant and lubricant. In the anthropological section, before a crowded audience, Sir William Turner, president, discoursed on heredity, showing its physical basis. Professor Geikie, in the geological section, gave an outline of the results obtained, during recent years, by Continental workers in the domain of glacial geology. Captain De W. Abney, in the mathematical section, read a paper on the effect of light on matter, remarking that there was no stimulus comparable to photography for the study of science. Sir Lowthian Bell, in the chemical section, enlarged on the importance of chemical aid in metallurgy.

Among the more important subjects discussed on the 13th was the teaching of elementary chemistry in schools. Professor Armstrong had prepared a scheme for the guidance of those who had to provide such teaching. In the geographical section the Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., read an alarmist paper on British and Russian commercial competition in Central Asia; while in the anthropological section, M. Paul Du Chailu propounded the theory that the Vikings are the direct ancestors of the English-speaking nations. The question of hereditary transmission of acquired characters, on which Mr. E. B. Poulton contributed a paper, led to an expression of diversified views.

Only four of the sections met on the 14th—namely, the economic science and statistics, the mechanical, the geological, and the mathematical. All of them were well attended. One of the principal subjects discussed had reference to the coal supply of the country. A paper dealing with this question was read by Professor Hull, and among the speakers were Mr. Hastings, M.P., and Mr. John Morley, M.P. The economists had several interesting papers: one, by Mr. William Botly, dwelt on the value of agricultural statistics; another, by Professor W. Fream, who suggested that the numerical method should be adopted in forecasting the yield of crops, and should be accompanied by statements of acreage under various crops. Mr. D. G. Hoey made some suggestions, explained by plans, for the better housing of the poor; and Mr. Hyde Clarke read a paper on the increase in Europe and America of nominal or fictitious capital, as represented by premiums on joint-stock shares. In the mechanical section, Mr. W. H. Wheeler read a paper on the application of the transporting power of water to the deepening and improvement of rivers by breaking up the bed and carrying away the material in suspension. The afternoon was, as usual, devoted to excursions; and that to Durham was signalled by the honour of D.C.L. being conferred by the Senate of the University upon twelve members of the Association. The customary lecture to working men in the evening was on the Forth Bridge, by Mr. B. Baker, who predicted a great future for bridge-building.

The Association held all its sectional meetings on the 16th. In the economic department, the subjects of wages and of arbitration for the settlement of disputes were considered. In the discussions on electricity Mr. W. H. Preece expressed his belief that it was impossible to obtain a current of sufficient potentiality to execute a criminal with certainty. In a paper on telephonic communication, the same gentleman admitted the possibility of speech between London and Paris. Of all the sections probably geography drew the largest audience, where Mr. Lumholtz, the daring sojourner among the blacks of Queensland; Mr. Sullivan, the hardy lieutenant of the gallant Captain Wiggins, who has shown the practicability of the Northern Sea route to Siberia; and the equally hardy Dr. Nansen, who has conquered the Greenland ice, were the attractions.—During the afternoon it was decided that the meeting in the year after next shall take place at Cardiff. Sir F. Abel was elected President for next year's meeting, which will be held, as already arranged, at Leeds, beginning on Sept. 3. The vice-presidents will be the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Carlisle, the Bishop of Ripon, Lord Grimthorpe, the Mayor of Leeds, Sir J. Kitson, and Sir A. Fairbairn. Mr. Atchison was unanimously reappointed secretary.—It the evening there was a large attendance, in St. George's Drill Hall, to hear a discourse by Mr. Walter Gardiner, M.A., F.L.S., Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, University Lecturer in Botany, on "How Plants Maintain Themselves in the Struggle for Existence."

In the economic department, on the 17th, Poor Law Reform was the subject introduced by Mr. W. Vallance, Clerk to the Whitechapel Guardians, who maintained that the gradual abolition of outdoor relief had been highly advantageous. Several papers were read in the geographical section. Sir Douglas Galton having described the sliding water railway of M. Barre, Sir F. Bramwell expressed a doubt whether it could really be brought into commercial use. A large audience listened to Dr. Nansen's account of the Esquimaux, which the Arctic explorer gave in the anthropological section. Among the social festivities of the meeting must be mentioned a conversation given by the local committee in the fine Natural History Museum, which was enriched by a microscopical exhibition. In the afternoon the Mayoress was "At Home" to the members and associates, and many went to her reception, as well as to an organ recital in the Cathedral.

The final general meeting was held on the 18th, and the 19th was given up to excursionists.

A capital syllabus of entertainments for the winter session at the Bow and Bromley Institute has been issued.

Commodore Markham, who had been selected to succeed Lord Walter Kerr as private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, is to retain his present position as commander of the Training Squadron; and Captain Dale, of the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, obtains the coveted post at Whitehall.

TORPEDO-BOATS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

The first four torpedo-boats to cross the Atlantic left Plymouth for Bermuda on July 28, in convoy of H.M.S. Tyne, Commander W. T. Goodridge, R.N. The boats, Nos. 30, 31, 32, and 69, were first class Yarrow, 125 ft. long, manned by three officers and thirteen men, and were fitted out at Chatham and Portsmouth. The torpedo-tubes, machine-guns, and torpedoes had been previously removed and put on board the Tyne, which had been specially fitted for watering, coaling, and towing them if necessary. They were towed across the Bay of Biscay, and cast off near Cape Finisterre, afterwards steaming by themselves, and being only taken in tow occasionally (while small defects were made good), which was not always an easy matter at night or in a heavy sea. Vigo and Madeira were visited en route for coal and water, and to rest the crews, sleep being sometimes difficult for them at sea. After leaving Madeira, the 30th parallel of latitude was followed, and Bermuda was reached on Aug. 21. Fine weather was experienced nearly the whole way, except one night in the Bay of Biscay, and for four days after leaving Madeira.

The photographs, taken by Dr. H. Elliott, M.D., surgeon, R.N., illustrate some of the incidents of the voyage; but the height of the waves is under-represented, especially in that of watering a boat in a heavy sea. It should be remarked that fresh water alone is allowed to be used for the boilers, and this was supplied in rough weather by means of a hose 520 ft. in length, which was drifted astern with a hawser lashed to a life-buoy, and picked up by the boat.

"THE MIDDLEMAN."

It has already been told in these columns that Mr. E. S. Willard has achieved his greatest success in Mr. H. A. Jones's powerful new play of "The Middleman," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The leading characters in this piece are now portrayed by one of our Artists. The centre of attraction, as in the drama, is Mr. Willard, who, as Cyrus Blenkarn, arouses the sympathies of the audience by his resolute search for a secret process in the manufacture of pottery, and by his undeserved domestic troubles. Led away by his employer's son, Blenkarn's favourite daughter Mary (Miss Maude Millett) forsakes her home, and Cyrus is left to pursue his patient investigations, cheered only by his sprightly daughter Nancy (Miss Annie Hughes) and her devoted sweetheart, Jesse Pegg (Mr. Garden). The large Sketch shows Blenkarn's triumph—an impressive bit of passionate acting, in a Rembrandtesque scene. Mr. Mackintosh is also delineated as the purse-proud Mr. Chandler, who is at last brought to acknowledge the genius of Cyrus Blenkarn; and with him is coupled his factotum, Batty Todd (Mr. H. Cane); while Mr. Garden and Miss Maude Millett (who returns home a happy wife) and Miss Annie Hughes are also sketched in our Illustration.

THE DISASTER AT ANTWERP.

The explosion and conflagration that took place in the cartridge factory and petroleum warehouses adjoining the docks at Antwerp, on Sept. 6, killing a hundred and thirty-five persons, injuring as many more, and causing great damage to houses and loss of property, was related in our last. None of the vessels in the docks were much injured. We give a few additional Illustrations, from the series of photographs taken by Messrs. Louis Van Neck and Co., Antwerp. The factory in which this disaster originated, at Steenborgerwerf, was one which had been established a few weeks before, with the sanction of the Provincial Council of Administration, but against the opinion of the Communal Council of Antwerp, by a M. Corvilain, for the purpose of breaking up some fifty millions of condemned military cartridges purchased by him and Baron Hirsch in Spain, to make what he could of the lead, copper, and gunpowder they contained. M. Rieth, the owner of the adjacent petroleum stores, had formally protested against so dangerous an establishment in that situation, and the official engineer of the Municipality, M. Roysers, had expressed the strongest disapprobation of it. The persons employed in the operation of breaking up the cartridges and separating their component parts were not skilled manufacturers, but ordinary men, women, and girls of the labouring class. It is supposed that, by carelessness or awkwardness, they allowed some loose gunpowder to be shaken out and thrown about, so as to reach the furnace in which the lead was melted down. Every one of these unfortunate workpeople was killed by the explosion. The shock damaged many buildings within a range of three-quarters of a mile around, and the burning petroleum set fire to houses nearer the docks. A subscription fund has been started to relieve the families of the sufferers by this disaster.

Dahlia and apples have been shown in great abundance and perfection at the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society, held in the Drill-hall, Westminster.

The Earl and Countess of Ducie recently gave a most enjoyable garden party at Tortworth Court, to which nearly eight hundred of the élite of Gloucestershire society were invited. The lake and gardens were illuminated in the evening.

A terrible account is telegraphed from Auckland of the sufferings of the crew of the ship Garston, which was cast away off Staarback Island. They escaped from the wreck with only fifty pounds of food, and were at sea in an open boat for twenty-two days.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the well-known blindfold chess-player, gave an exhibition of his skill at the City of London Chess Club on Sept. 16, when, without seeing the boards, he played against eight opponents simultaneously. In the result, he won five games, and drew the remaining three.

A neat structure of corrugated iron, wood-lined, is being erected near the Grammar School, Hawarden, as a free library and reading-room. This is the gift of Mr. Gladstone, and it will be supplemented by a present of books. There are already two libraries in the village, but this will require neither membership nor fee.

The Mayor of Ramsgate on Sept. 17 publicly presented to the crew of the smack Granville, of that port, £35, awarded by the German Government for conspicuous bravery in rescuing the captain and crew—eight, all told—of the German schooner Niclot, in February last. The service was one of exceptional bravery, and was performed by two of the crew in the smack's boat, which was only 15 feet long.

The Registrar-General's returns for the week ending Sept. 14 show that in London 2432 births and 1236 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 285 and the deaths 180 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 10 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 41 from diphtheria, 18 from whooping-cough, 19 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 68 from diarrhoea and dysentery. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 148 and 142 in the two preceding weeks, rose again last week to 152, but were 29 below the corrected average.

DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

A few months ago there lay, on the edge of the yellow sandy desert some sixty miles south of Cairo, two grey patches of ruins, of which none but the peasantry around them even knew the existence. No walls or tokens of work were to be seen, but only a low rise of a few feet of Nile mud, with some chips of pottery scattered over it. The name of one of these mounds was taken merely from the ravens which alighted on it—Medinet Gurob; the other, a few miles distant, scarcely had even a name—only one man could be found who had heard its name when he was a boy—Medinet Kahun. Yet these unnoticed and unknown places have given us evidence on the origin of writing, a subject which has been debated for generations, and their evidence will probably be discussed by generations to come.

Last year we noticed Mr. Flinders Petrie's Exhibition of Roman portraits, which he had discovered at Hawara, in the province of the Fayum. This year we have before us in London the results which he has obtained from the hitherto unknown ruins which we have just mentioned. While Mr. Petrie was finishing the excavations at Hawara this past winter, and laboriously penetrating the pyramid there, he determined next to attack the site of Gurob. The first time he had walked over that mound he saw that it belonged to the flourishing period of the great Rameses; for to the practised eye chips of pottery are as intelligible as printed words and dates. While working there he walked over the blank grey swell of Kahun—this was clearly of a still earlier date, for none of the pottery was of any style yet known. On digging here this proved to be the town built for the workmen who laboured at the pyramid and temple of Useratesen II., one of the great kings of that remote age—the XIIth Dynasty, about 2600 B.C.

The houses, the agriculture, the tools, the ornaments, the literature, and even the amusements of more than four thousand years ago are brought vividly before us by these discoveries. We have illustrated some of the more remarkable objects, though but a small part of the whole. The dancing profession is of immemorial age in the East, and the acrobats and performers of the early times are pictured on the walls of the tombs: here we have (1) a wooden statuette of a dancer or mummer, dressed in a mask, and a tail, and—nothing more. The strange animal headdress which she wears is evidently much the same as that in which Bes, the god of dancing, is always represented. With this image was found a pair of ivory clappers or castanets (2, 3), all buried in a hole in the floor of a room. In the next room of the same house was found the actual mummer's mask (4) made of canvas and plaster, painted black, with crescents of colour around the eye-holes, and with patches on the cheeks. Torn, patched, broken, and at last thrown aside, how many antics have been performed under that! How many miseries have passed behind that screen! What jests and what shame it had covered! Perhaps no relic has brought us so touchingly to the frailties of past humanity as the dancing-girl's mask, her castanets, and her little statuette, which have lain during thousands of years in silence. The merry children played in the streets then with tipcat and whip-top, and threw the ball (10), and made their little mud toys; quaint figures of men and pigs and crocodiles were pinched up from bits of clay, and a curious little model boat (5) and a hippopotamus chipped out of flint (9) are here illustrated. We now know how the Egyptians obtained fire, a point never yet discovered until the fire-stick (6) came to light. On this an upright stick would be rotated, so as to ignite the powdered wood by friction, as in India at the present time. Delicate and graceful wood-carving is shown in the wooden spoon (7), shaped in the form of a shell supported by a serpent. A sling, far older than that of David, shows us how carefully such things were woven and provided with a loop to hold on the finger (8). Tools were strangely like modern forms: the plummet (11), the brickmould (12), the plasterer's float (14), might any of them belong to an English workman as far as their form goes. It is only where metal has come into common use and driven out the wooden hoe (13) and the flint saw in the sickle (15) that any essential change is to be seen. The music of the time was much the same as now, as we see by the boy playing on double pipes (16) like a modern Egyptian.

The greatest discovery, however, in this ancient town is that of alphabetic writing, quite distinct from any Egyptian inscriptions yet known—neither hieroglyphic, hieratic, or demotic. Dozens of signs are found upon pottery, as the marks of the owners, and on one piece of wood (17) are five letters, evidently forming a word or name. So far as yet examined it seems most likely that the foreign captives from the Mediterranean (who were certainly in this town, by other tokens) had here adopted the marks used by the Egyptian masons—corruptions of the hieroglyphs; and then from these signs a syllabic alphabet was formed, which is evidently akin to that of Cyprus, and, perhaps, some other early writing. Here we are on the track of the very origin of all our Western writing, at a date two thousand years before almost all of the inscriptions yet known. Other alphabetic signs are shown on the pieces 18 and 19.

Leaving this early town we will come down some thirteen hundred years to the time of Rameses the Great, or about 1400 to 1200 B.C., which is revealed to us in the town of Gurob. Here, amid all the works of that age, we find again a colony of foreigners, comprising Hittites and Turseni. These people were probably accompanied here by the Achæans or Greeks, with whom they are mentioned on the Egyptian monuments of that age. The same Cypriote characters are again found here on the pottery; and, moreover, a great variety of the earliest Greek pottery, exactly like that found in the oldest remains of Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann, and that from beneath the lava beds of Thera. The false-necked vases (21) and the figures of pottery (20) might be supposed to have come from Greece itself, and not from a colony in a remote part of Egypt. The historical value of such a well-dated discovery is immense, as we now have for the first time a solid basis for our chronology of the prehistory of Greek civilisation. The beautiful head carved in wood (22) comes from a coffin of about 1300 B.C.; and the elegant but less artistic carving of the head (23) belongs to a few centuries later.

We have barely indicated the most curious objects, without touching on the beautiful necklaces, amulets, and embroideries, and the other historical interests of the large collection made by Mr. Petrie this spring. It will be open to the public at 8, Oxford Mansion, Oxford-circus, from eleven to five, until Oct. 5.

Lord Lothian has accepted the post of President of the Edinburgh International Exhibition Committee.

Two stained-glass windows, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London, have been placed in the Chapel of the Oxford Military College, at Cowley, in memory of an old student, Lieutenant E. C. Vallentin, Royal Artillery, who was drowned off Sambro Island, Nova Scotia, in March 1888. One of these, a work of great beauty, represents scenes from the life of General Gordon, the centre light representing him at Khartoum.



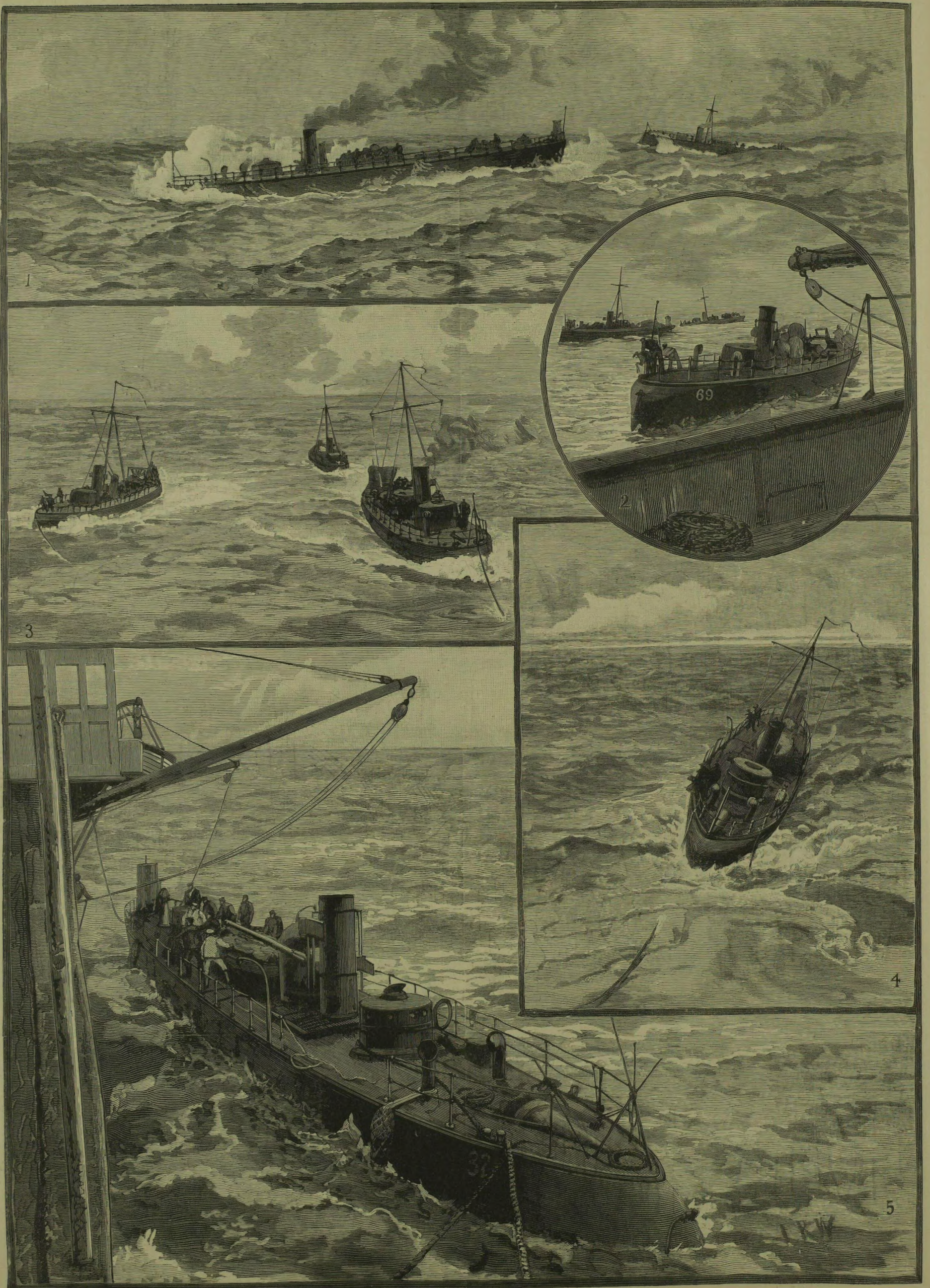
1. Statuette of female dancer or mummer.
- 2, 3. Ivory castanets.
4. Mummer's mask.
5. Child's toy boat.
6. Fire-stick.

7. Wooden spoon, shaped like a shell supported by a serpent.
8. Sling.
9. Flint figure of hippopotamus.
10. Child's plaything—a ball.
11. Mason's plummet.

12. Bricklayer's mould.
13. Wooden hoe.
14. Plasterer's float.
15. Reaper's sickle of flint.
16. Boy playing double flute.

17. Name inscribed on piece of wood.
- 18, 19. Alphabetic letters.
20. Pottery from Gurob.
21. False-necked vases.
- 22, 23. Heads carved in wood on coffins.

RECENT ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT: MR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S EXHIBITION AT OXFORD MANSION, OXFORD-STREET.



1. Torpedo-Boat in Rough Weather. 2. Taking Boats in Tow to Refit. 3. Boats in Tow Preparing to Cast Off. 4. Watering a Boat in a Heavy Sea. 5. Coaling a Boat in Mid-Atlantic: Ship under Steam.

TAKING TORPEDO-BOATS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

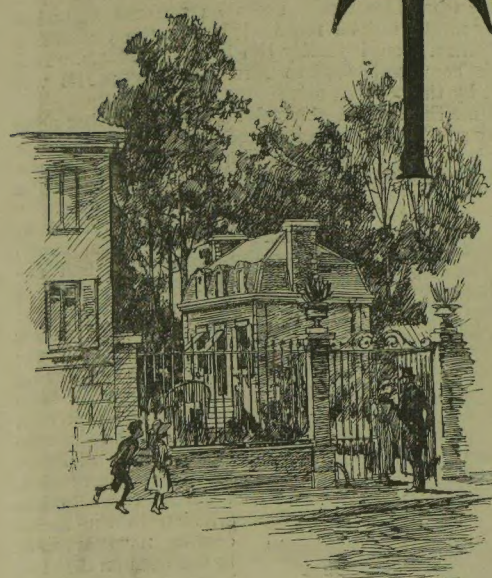
BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

LORD HARRY'S HONEYMOON.



was gone. The discarded rouge that had once overlaid her cheeks, through a long succession of years, had left the texture of the skin coarse, and had turned the colour

of it to a dull yellowish tinge. Her hair, once so skilfully darkened, was now permitted to tell the truth, and revealed the sober colouring of age, in gray. The lower face had fallen away in substance; and even the penetrating brightness of her large dark eyes was a little dimmed. All that had been left in her of the attractions of past days owed its vital preservation to her stage training. Her suave grace of movement, and the deep elocutionary melody of her voice, still identified Mrs. Vimpany—disguised as she was in a dress of dull brown, shorn without mercy of the milliner's hideous improvements to the figure. "Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Mountjoy?" Those were the first words she said to him, in a sad subdued manner, on entering the room.

"Why not?" Hugh asked, giving her his hand. "You can have no very favourable remembrance of me," she answered. "But I hope to produce a better impression—if you can spare me a little of your time. You may, or may not, have heard of my separation from my husband. Anyway, it is needless to trouble you on the subject; you know Mr. Vimpany; you can guess what I have suffered, and why I have left him. If he comes to you, I hope you will not tell him where Lady Harry is."

Hugh interposed: "Pray don't speak of her by that name! Call her 'Iris,' as I do."

A faint reflection of the old stage-smile trembled on Mrs. Vimpany's worn and weary face:—

"Ah, Mr. Mountjoy, I know whom she ought to have married! The worst enemy of women is their ignorance of men—and they only learn to know better, when it is too late. I try to be hopeful for Iris, in the time to come, but my fears conquer me."

She paused, sighed, and pressed her open hand on her bosom; unconsciously betraying in that action some of the ineradicable training of the theatre.

"I am almost afraid to say that I love Iris," she resumed; "but this I know: if I am not so bad as I once was, I owe it to that dearest and sweetest of women! But for the days that I passed in her company, I might never have tried to atone for my past life by works of mercy. When other people take the way of amendment, I

wonder whether they find it as hard to follow, at first, as I did?"

"There is no doubt of it, Mrs. Vimpany—if people are sincere. Beware of the sinners who talk of sudden conversion and perfect happiness. May I ask how you began your new life?"

"I began unhappily, Mr. Mountjoy—I joined a nursing Sisterhood. Before long, a dispute broke out among them. Think of women who call themselves Christians, quarrelling about churches and church services—priest's vestments and attitudes, and candles and incense! I left them, and went to a hospital, and found the doctors better Christians than the Sisters. I am not talking about my own poor self (as you will soon see) without a reason. My experience in the hospital led to other things. I nursed a lady through a tedious illness, and was trusted to take her to some friends in the south of France. On my return, I thought of staying for a few days in Paris—it was an opportunity of seeing how the nurses did their work in the French hospitals. And, oh, it was far more than that! In Paris, I found Iris again."

"By accident?" Hugh asked.

"I am not sure," Mrs. Vimpany answered, "that there are such things as meetings by accident. She and her husband were among the crowds of people on the Boulevards, who sit taking their coffee in view of the other crowds, passing along the street. I went by, without noticing them. She saw me, and sent Lord Harry to bring me back. I have been with them every day, at her invitation, from that time to this; and I have seen their life."

She stopped, noticing that Hugh grew restless. "I am in doubt," she said, "whether you wish to hear more of their life in Paris."

Mountjoy at once controlled himself.



"She saw me, and sent Lord Harry to bring me back."

"Go on," he said quietly.

"Even if I tell you that Iris is perfectly happy?"

"Go on," Hugh repeated.

"May I confess," she resumed, "that her husband is irresistible—not only to his wife, but even to an old woman like me? After having known him for years at his worst, as well as at his best, I am still foolish enough to feel the charm of his high spirits and his delightful good-humour. Sober English people, if they saw him now, would almost think him a fit subject to be placed under restraint. One of his wild Irish ideas of expressing devotion to his wife is, that they shall forget they are married, and live the lives of lovers. When they dine at a restaurant, he insists on having a private room. He takes her to public balls, and engages her to dance with him for the whole evening. When she stays at home, and is a little fatigued, he sends me to the piano, and whisks her round the room in a waltz. 'Nothing revives a woman,' he says, 'like dancing with the man she loves.' When she is out of breath, and I shut up the piano, do you know what he does? He actually kisses me—and says he is expressing his wife's feeling for me when she is not able to do it herself! He sometimes dines out with men, and comes back all on fire with the good wine, and more amiable than ever. On these occasions his pockets are full of sweetmeats, stolen for 'his angel' from the dessert. 'Am I a little tipsy?' he asks. 'Oh, don't be angry; it's all for love of you. I have been in the highest society, my darling; proposing your health over and over and over again, and drinking to you deeper than all the rest of the company. You don't blame me? Ah, but I blame myself. I was wrong to leave you, and dine with men. What do I want with the society of men, when I have your society? Drinking your health is a lame excuse. I will refuse all invitations for the future that don't include my wife.' And—mind!—hereally means it, at the time. Two or three days later, he forgets his good resolutions, and dines with the men again, and comes home with more charming excuses, and stolen sweetmeats, and good resolutions. I am afraid I weary you, Mr. Mountjoy?"

"You surprise me," Hugh replied. "Why do I hear all this of Lord Harry?"

Mrs. Vimpany left her chair. The stage directions of other days had accustomed her to rise, when the character she played had anything serious to say. Her own character still felt the animating influence of dramatic habit: she rose now and laid her hand impressively on Mountjoy's shoulder.

"I have not thoughtlessly tried your patience," she said. "Now that I am away from the influence of Lord Harry, I can recall my former experience of him; and I am afraid I can see the end that is coming. He will drift into bad company; he will listen to bad advice; and he will do things in the future which he might shrink from doing now. When that time comes, I fear him! I fear him!"

"When that time comes," Hugh repeated, "if I have any influence left over his wife, he shall find her capable of protecting herself. Will you give me her address in Paris?"

"Willingly—if you will promise not to go to her till she really needs you?"

"Who is to decide when she needs me?"

"I am to decide," Mrs. Vimpany answered; "Iris writes to me confidentially. If anything happens which she may be unwilling to trust to a letter, I believe I shall hear of it from her maid."

"Are you sure the maid is to be relied on?" Mountjoy interposed.

"She is a silent creature, so far as I know anything of her," Mrs. Vimpany admitted; "and her manner doesn't invite confidence. But I have spoken with Fanny Mere; I am satisfied that she is true to her mistress and grateful to her mistress in her own strange way. If Iris is in any danger, I shall not be left in ignorance of it. Does this incline you to consult with me, before you decide on going to Paris? Don't stand on ceremony; say honestly, Yes or No."

Honestly, Hugh said Yes.

He was at once trusted with the address of Iris. At the

same time, Mrs. Vimpany undertook that he should know what news she received from Paris as soon as she knew it herself. On that understanding they parted, for the time being.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOCTOR IN DIFFICULTIES.

Slowly the weeks passed. Strictly Mrs. Vimpany kept her promise.

When she heard from Iris the letter was always sent to Hugh, to be returned after he had read it. Events in the lives of the newly married pair, many of which pointed to the end that Mrs. Vimpany saw and dreaded, were lightly, sometimes jestingly, related by the young wife. Her blind belief in her husband, sincerely asserted in the earlier part of the correspondence, began to betray, in her later letters, signs of self-delusion. It was sad indeed to see that bright intelligence

persons of importance in the financial worlds of London and Paris.

Being in a position to make the inquiries which Mrs. Vimpany had suggested, Hugh received information which verified the statements contained in the circular, and vouched for the good faith of those persons who were concerned in directing the speculation. So far, so good.

But, when the question of success was next discussed, the authorities consulted shook their wise heads. It was impossible to say what losses might not be suffered, and what sums of money might not be required, before the circulation of the new journal would justify the hope of success. This opinion Hugh communicated to Mrs. Vimpany; Iris was informed of it by that day's post.

A longer time than usual elapsed before any further news of Lord Harry and his wife was received by Mountjoy. When he did at last hear again from Mrs. Vimpany, she forwarded a letter from Iris dated from a new address, in the suburb of Paris called Passy.

From motives of economy (Iris wrote) her husband had decided on a change of residence. They were just established in their new abode, with the advantages of a saving in rent, a pretty little garden to cultivate, and purer air to breathe than the air of Paris. There the letter ended, without the slightest allusion to the forthcoming newspaper, or to the opinion that had been pronounced on the prospects of success.

In forwarding this letter, Mrs. Vimpany wrote on the blank page as follows: "I am sorry to add that some disquieting news of my husband has reached me. For the present, I will say no more. It is at least possible that the report may not be worthy of belief."

A few days later the report was confirmed, under circumstances which had certainly not been foreseen. Mr. Vimpany himself arrived at the hotel, on a visit to Mountjoy.

Always more or less superior to the amiable weakness of modesty, the doctor seemed to have risen higher than ever in his own estimation, since Hugh had last seen him. He strutted; he stared confidently at persons and things; authority was in his voice when he spoke, and lofty indulgence distinguished his manner when he listened.

"How are you?" he cried with a grand gaiety, as he entered the room. "Fine weather, isn't it, for the time of year? You don't look well. I wonder whether you notice any change in me?"

"You seem to be in good spirits," Hugh replied, not very cordially.

"Do I carry my head high?" Mr. Vimpany went on. "When calamity strikes at a man, don't let him cringe and cry for pity—let him hit back again! Those are my principles. Look at me. Now do look at me. Here I am, a cultivated person, a member of an honourable profession, a man of art and accomplishment—stripped of every blessed thing belonging to me but the clothes I stand up in."

Give me your hand, Mountjoy. It's the hand, sir, of a bankrupt."

"You don't seem to mind it much," Mountjoy remarked.

"Why should I mind it?" asked the doctor. "There isn't a medical man in England who has less reason to reproach himself than I have. Have I wasted money in rash speculations? Not a farthing. Have I been fool enough to bet at horse-races? My worst enemy daren't say it of me. What have I done then? I have toiled after virtue—that's what I have done. Oh, there's nothing to laugh at! When a doctor tries to be the medical friend of humanity; when he only asks leave to cure disease, to soothe pain, to preserve life—isn't that virtue? And what is my reward? I sit at home, waiting for my suffering fellow-creatures; and the only fellow-creatures who come to me are too poor to pay. I have gone my rounds, calling on the rich patients whom I bought when I bought the practice. Not one of them wanted me. Men, women, and children, were all inexcusably healthy—devil take them! Is it wonderful if a man becomes bankrupt, in such a situation as mine? By Jupiter, I go farther than that! I say, a man owes it to himself (as a protest against



"May I take a friendly liberty?" he said, and helped himself without waiting for permission.

rendered incapable of conceiving suspicions, which might have occurred to the mind of a child.

When the latest news from Paris followed, in due course, Mountjoy was informed of it by a note from Mrs. Vimpany, expressed in these terms:—

"My last letter from Iris is really no letter at all. It simply encloses a circular, with her love, and asks me to send it on to you. If it is in your power to make inquiries in the right quarter, I am sure you will not hesitate to take the trouble. There can be little doubt, as I think, that Lord Harry is engaged in a hazardous speculation, more deeply than his wife is willing to acknowledge."

The circular announced the contemplated publication of a weekly newspaper, printed partly in English and partly in French, having its chief office in Paris, and being intended to dispute the advantages of a European circulation with the well-known Continental journal called *Galignani's Messenger*. A first list of contributors included names of some notoriety in the literature of England and the literature of France. Speculators who wished to know, in the first place, on what security they might reckon, were referred to the managing committee, represented by

undeserved neglect) to become a bankrupt. If you will allow me, I'll take a chair."

He sat down with an air of impudent independence, and looked round the room. A little cabinet, containing liqueurs, stood open on the sideboard. Mr. Vimpany got up again. "May I take a friendly liberty?" he said—and helped himself, without waiting for permission.

Hugh bore with this, mindful of the mistake that he had committed in consenting to receive the doctor. At the same time, he was sufficiently irritated to take a friendly liberty on his side. He crossed the room to the sideboard, and locked up the liqueurs. Mr. Vimpany's brazen face flushed deeply (not with shame); he opened his lips to say something worthy of himself, controlled the impulse, and burst into a boisterous laugh. He had evidently some favour still to ask.

"Devilish good!" he broke out cheerfully. "Do you remember the landlady's claret? Ha! you don't want to tempt me this time. Well! well! to return to my bankruptcy."

Hugh had heard enough of his visitor's bankruptcy. "I am not one of your creditors," he said.

Mr. Vimpany made a smart reply: "Don't you be too sure of that. Wait a little."

"Do you mean," Mountjoy asked, "that you have come here to borrow money of me?"

"Time—give me time," the doctor pleaded; "this is not a matter to be dispatched in a hurry; this is a matter of business. You will hardly believe it," he resumed, "but I have actually been in my present position, once before." He looked towards the cabinet of liqueurs. "If I had the key," he said, "I should like to try a drop more of your good Curaçoa. You don't see it?"

"I am waiting to hear what your business is," Hugh replied.

Mr. Vimpany's pliable temper submitted with perfect amiability. "Quite right," he said; "let us return to business. I am a man who possesses great fertility of resource. On the last occasion when my creditors pounced on my property, do you think I was discouraged? Nothing of the sort! My regular medical practice had broken down under me. Very well—I tried my luck as a quack. In plain English, I invented a patent medicine. The one thing wanting was money enough to advertise it. False friends buttoned up their pockets. You see?"

"Oh, yes; I see."

"In that case," Mr. Vimpany continued, "you will not be surprised to hear that I draw on my resources again. You have no doubt noticed that we live in an age of amateurs. Amateurs write, paint, compose music, perform on the stage. I, too, am one of the accomplished persons who have taken possession of the field of Art. Did you observe the photographic portraits on the walls of my dining-room? They are of my doing, sir—whether you observed them or not. I am one of the handy medical men, who can use the photograph. Not that I mention it generally; the public have got a narrow-minded notion that a doctor ought to be nothing but a doctor. My name won't appear in a new work that I am contemplating. Of course, you want to know what my new work is. I'll tell you, in the strictest confidence. Imagine (if you can) a series of superb photographs of the most eminent doctors in England, with memoirs of their lives written by themselves; published once a month, price half a crown. If there isn't money in that idea, there is no money in anything. Exert yourself, my good friend. Tell me what you think of it?"

"I don't understand the subject," Mountjoy replied.

"May I ask why you take me into your confidence?"

"Because I look upon you as my best friend."

"You are very good. But surely, Mr. Vimpany, you have older friends in your circle of acquaintance than I am."

"Not one," the doctor answered promptly, "whom I trust as I trust you. Let me give you a proof of it."

"Is the proof in any way connected with money?" Hugh inquired.

"I call that hard on me," Mr. Vimpany protested. "No unfriendly interruptions, Mountjoy! I offer a proof of kindly feeling. Do you mean to hurt me?"

"Certainly not. Go on."

"Thank you; a little encouragement goes a long way with me. I have found a bookseller, who will publish my contemplated work, on commission. Not a soul has yet seen the estimate of expenses. I propose to show it to You."

"Quite needless, Mr. Vimpany."

"Why quite needless?"

"Because I decline lending you the money."

"No, no, Mountjoy! You can't really mean that?"

"I do mean it."

"No!"

"Yes!"

The doctor's face showed a sudden change of expression—a sinister and threatening change. "Don't drive me into a corner," he said. "Think of it again."

Hugh's capacity for controlling himself gave way at last.

"Do you presume to threaten me?" he said. "Understand, if you please, that my mind is made up, and that nothing you can say or do will alter it."

With that declaration he rose from his chair, and waited for Mr. Vimpany's departure.

The doctor put on his hat. His eyes rested on Hugh, with a look of diabolical malice: "The time is not far off, Mr. Mountjoy, when you may be sorry you refused me." He said those words deliberately—and took his leave.

Released from the man's presence, Hugh found himself strangely associating the interests of Iris with the language—otherwise beneath notice—which Mr. Vimpany had used on leaving the room.

In desperate straits for want of money, how would the audacious bankrupt next attempt to fill his empty purse? If he had, by any chance, renewed his relations with his Irish friend—and such an event was at least possible—his next experiment in the art of raising a loan might take him to Paris. Lord Harry had already ventured on a speculation which called for an immediate outlay of money, and which was only expected to put a profit into his pocket at some future period. In the meanwhile, his resources in money had their limits; and his current expenses would make imperative demands on an ill-filled purse. If the temptation to fail in his resolution to respect his wife's fortune was already trying his fortitude, what better excuse could be offered for yielding than the necessities of an old friend in a state of pecuniary distress?

Looking at the position of Iris, and at the complications which threatened it, from this point of view, Mountjoy left the hotel to consult with Mrs. Vimpany. It rested with her to decide whether the circumstances justified his departure for Paris.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONDON AND PARIS.

Informed of all that Hugh could tell her relating to his interview with her husband, Mrs. Vimpany understood and appreciated his fears for the future. She failed, however, to agree

with him that he would do well to take the journey to France, under present circumstances.

"Wait a little longer in London," she said. "If Iris doesn't write to me in the next few days there will be a reason for her silence; and in that case (as I have already told you) I shall hear from Fanny Mere. You shall see me when I get a letter from Paris."

On the last morning in the week, Mrs. Vimpany was announced. The letter that she brought with her had been written by Fanny Mere. With the pen in her hand, the maid's remarkable character expressed itself as strongly as ever:—

"Madam,—I said I would let you know what goes on here. when I thought there was need of it. There seems to be need now. Mr. Vimpany came to us yesterday. He has the spare bed-room. My mistress says nothing, and writes nothing. For that reason, I send you the present writing.—Your humble servant, F."

Mountjoy was perplexed by this letter, plain as it was.

"It seems strange," he said, "that Iris herself has not written to you. She has never hitherto concealed her opinion of Mr. Vimpany."

"She is concealing it now," Mr. Vimpany's wife replied gravely.

"Do you know why?"

"I am afraid I do. Iris will not hesitate at any sacrifice of herself to please Lord Harry. She will give him her money when he wants it. If he tells her to alter her opinion of my husband, she will obey him. He can shake her confidence in me, whenever he pleases; and he has very likely done it already."

"Surely it is time for me to go to her now?" Hugh said.

"Full time," Mrs. Vimpany admitted—"if you can feel sure of yourself. In the interests of Iris, can you undertake to be cool and careful?"

"In the interests of Iris, I can undertake anything."

"One word more," Mrs. Vimpany continued, "before you take your departure. No matter whether appearances are for him, or against him, be always on your guard with my husband. Let me hear from you while you are away; and don't forget that there is an obstacle between you and Iris, which will put even your patience and devotion to a hard trial."

"You mean her husband?"

"I do."

There was no more to be said. Hugh set forth on his journey to Paris.

On the morning after his arrival in the French capital, Mountjoy had two alternatives to consider. He might either write to Iris, and ask when it would be convenient to her to receive him—or he might present himself unexpectedly in the cottage at Passy. Reflection convinced him that his best chance of placing an obstacle in the way of deception would be to adopt the second alternative, and to take Lord Harry and the doctor by surprise.

He went to Passy. The lively French taste had brightened the cottage with colour: the fair white window curtains were tied with rose-coloured ribbons, the blinds were gaily painted, the chimneys were ornamental, the small garden was a paradise of flowers. When Mountjoy rang the bell, the gate was opened by Fanny Mere. She looked at him in grave astonishment.

"Do they expect you?" she asked.

"Never mind that," Hugh answered. "Are they at home?"

"They have just finished breakfast, sir."

"Do you remember my name?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then show me in."

Fanny opened the door of a room on the ground floor, and announced: "Mr. Mountjoy."

The two men were smoking; Iris was watering some flowers in the window. Her colour instantly faded when Hugh entered the room. In doubt and alarm, her eyes questioned Lord Harry. He was in his sweetest state of good-humour. Urged by the genial impulse of the moment, he set the example of a cordial reception. "This is an agreeable surprise, indeed," he said, shaking hands with Mountjoy in his easy amiable way. "It's kind of you to come and see us." Relieved of anxiety (evidently when she had not expected it), Iris eagerly followed her husband's example; her face recovered its colour, and brightened with its prettiest smile. Mr. Vimpany stood in a corner; his cigar went out; his own wife would hardly have known him again—he actually presented an appearance of embarrassment! Lord Harry burst out laughing: "Look at him, Iris! The doctor is shy for the first time in his life." The Irish goodhumour was irresistible. The young wife merrily echoed her husband's laugh. Mr. Vimpany, observing the friendly reception offered to Hugh, felt the necessity of adapting himself to circumstances. He came out of his corner with an apology: "Sorry I misbehaved myself, Mr. Mountjoy, when I called on you in London. Shake hands. No offence—eh?" Iris, in feverish high spirits, mimicked the doctor's coarse tones when he repeated his favourite form of excuse. Lord Harry clapped his hands, delighted with his wife's clever raillery: "Ha! Mr. Mountjoy, you don't find that her married life has affected her spirits! May I hope that you have come here to breakfast? The table is ready, as you see"—

"And I have been taking lessons, Hugh, in French ways of cooking eggs," Iris added; "pray let me show you what I can do." The doctor chimed in facetiously: "I'm Lady Harry's medical referee; you'll find her French delicacies half digested for you, sir, before you can open your mouth: signed, Clarence Vimpany, member of the College of Surgeons." Remembering Mrs. Vimpany's caution, Hugh concealed his distrust of this outbreak of hospitable gaiety, and made his excuses. Lord Harry followed, with more excuses, on his part. He deplored it—but he was obliged to go out. Had Mr. Mountjoy met with the new paper which was to beat *Galignani* out of the field? The *Continental Herald*—there was the title. "Forty thousand copies of the first number have just flown all over Europe; we have our agencies in every town of importance, at every point of the compass; and, one of the great proprietors, my dear sir, is the humble individual who now addresses you." His bright eyes sparkled with boyish pleasure, as he made that announcement of his own importance. If Mr. Mountjoy would kindly excuse him, he had an appointment at the office that morning. "Get your hat, Vimpany. The fact is our friend here carries a case of consumption in his pocket; consumption of the purse, you understand. I am going to enroll him among the contributors to the newspaper. A series of articles (between ourselves) exposing the humbug of physicians, and asserting with fine satirical emphasis the overstocked state of the medical profession. Ah, well! you'll be glad (won't you?) to talk over old times with Iris. My angel, show our good friend the *Continental Herald*, and mind you keep him here till we get back. Doctor, look alive! Mr. Mountjoy, au revoir." They shook hands again heartily. As Mrs. Vimpany had confessed, there was no resisting the Irish lord.

But Hugh's strange experience of that morning was not at an end, yet.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT BOOKS.

It must be no small relief to a statesman to escape for a time from the strife of politics into the world of books. There he is free from contention and controversy, and is surrounded by the most steadfast of friends. And for all of us, when jaded with the anxieties of life, it is pleasant to turn for solace to the poets and historians, to the novelists and essayists. When Lord Holland was tortured with the gout, he could still enjoy Jane Austen's incomparable stories, which were read to him by his sister; and, when Scott was dying, he listened with pleasure to passages from his favourite poet—Crabbe. Maria Edgeworth, in her eighty-third year, said that the pleasure she gained from books was as great as ever; and Southey, writing to Miss Bowles, exclaimed, "Oh, dear Caroline, what a blessing it is to have an insatiable appetite of this kind, which grows by what it feeds on, and for which food can never be wanting!" On the other hand, Carlyle, with his wonted eccentricity, discovered that reading is a weariness to the flesh, and that "after reading two score of good books, there is no new thing whatever to be met with in the generality of libraries." Yet he did not hesitate to add some thirty volumes to a stock which he deemed already too abundant. It is, of course, possible that a man may have more of books than is good for him, just as he may drink more wine than is beneficial to his health; but, taken in moderation, there is no mental tonic or anodyne equal to a good book—nothing at once so invigorating and soothing. And when books are read wisely the pleasure is inexhaustible. There is no taste that can be more amply gratified than the taste for reading, none that can be followed at less cost and under every variety of circumstance. So long as a man is blessed with eyesight and a tolerable freedom from pain, this is an enjoyment of which nothing can deprive him. Heinsius, a librarian at Leyden, many long years ago said that he no sooner came into his library and took his seat "in the very lap of Eternity, amongst so many divine souls with such sweet content," than he pitied all the great and rich men who knew not this happiness.

The days of costly books are over, or rather, if there are still books which can only be purchased by wealthy men, all the finest literature of the country is now accessible to the poor man. The free libraries are an inestimable boon to the large class of readers that has no money to spend on books. It is easy for a captious critic to complain that, judging from the reports of these libraries, ratepayers are taxed in order that boys and girls, and a good many grown-up people also, may be able to read novels for nothing, and at first sight the argument seems reasonable. Why should a mere amusement be encouraged at the public expense? We do not provide, for every one who desires it, a free access to the theatre. Perhaps the best answer to this objection is that the taste for reading acquired through the novel may lead a man to study literature of a graver kind, and that, if there are hundreds of readers who go to the libraries solely for fiction, it is probable that a tenth part of the people who frequent them read with a more fruitful purpose. It is something, at least, to have provided solid food as well as dainties for every one who cares to take it, and by degrees this cannot fail to tell upon the general culture of the country.

It is no doubt vexing to see how little sound literature is valued in comparison with books that live for a summer, perhaps, and are then heard of no more; but in this respect free-library readers do but imitate a class above most of them in society. How seldom, for instance, do women, even among the upper and leisurely classes, read to enlarge their range of knowledge and to stimulate thought! How little do they know of the great historical facts with which everyone of English parentage should be familiar! If among the lower orders it is only ignorance that makes the schemes of social and political revolutionists formidable, so is it ignorance—the mother of intolerance—that prevents large and generous views among the wealthier classes.

It would be untrue to say that a knowledge of past history removes prejudice, for there are highly cultivated men who will only see what they choose to see; but it is certainly the surest road towards the intelligent liberality that cares more for principles than party.

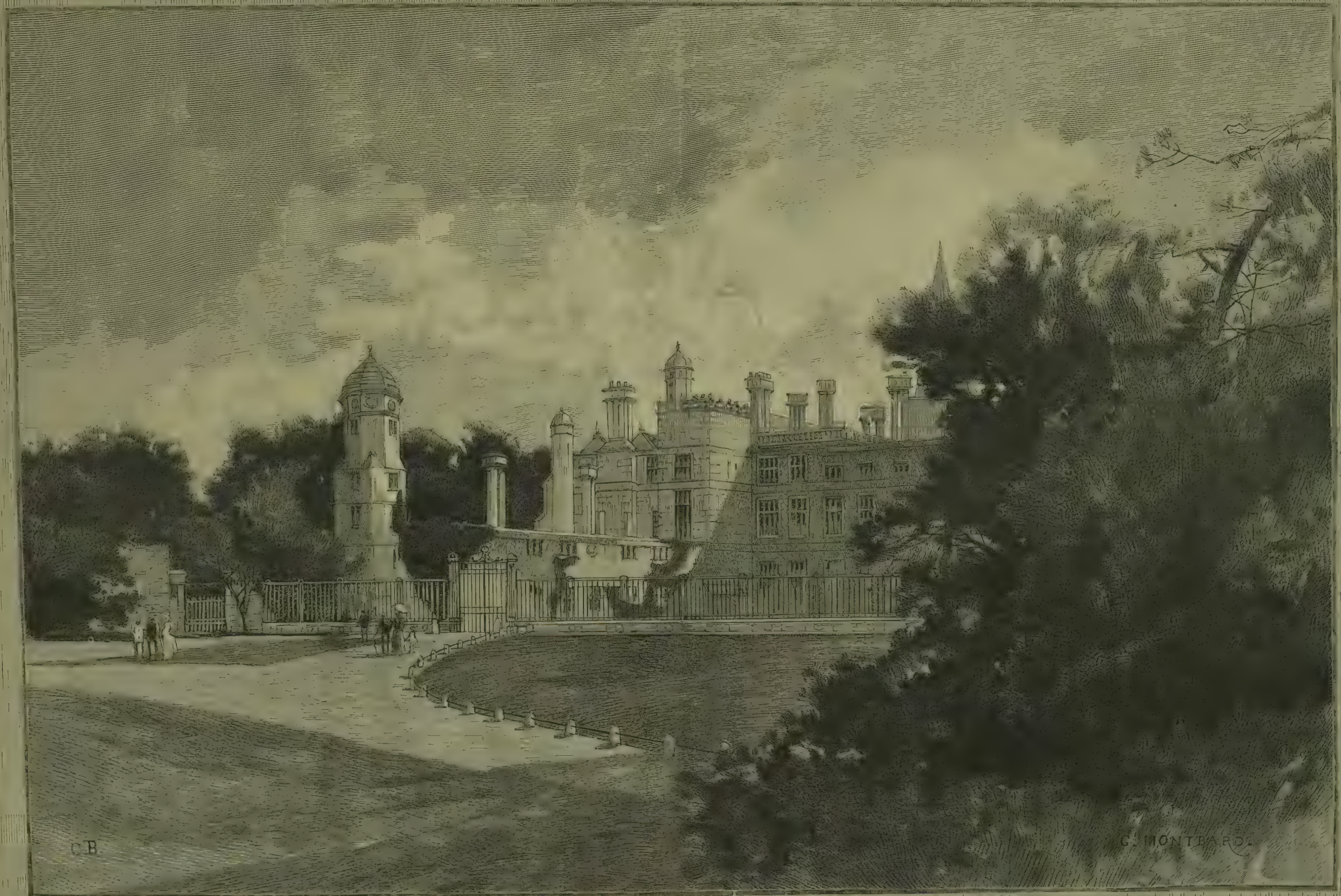
"Reading," says Lord Bacon, "makes a full man," and it is obvious that mere fulness is not conducive to mental health; but what a source of wisdom and of solace are books to the man who knows how to use them! They are teachers, but they are also friends, and in their company we can joyfully spend our most thoughtful and our idlest hours. At this season of the year we are supposed to throw them on one side for travel and for sport, for country idleness or for mountain-climbing; but even at this leisure-taking time one of the first thoughts of many of us upon packing our portmanteaus has been to select a few choice volumes as a resource for wet days or evening hours. We can sometimes tolerate the temporary absence of near relatives—say, of mothers-in-law and cousins—but books, those portable, silent, and yet living companions, it is always a pleasure to carry with us. "It is one of the greatest trials of life," says the *Spectator* (not Addison's), "for those who undergo great misfortunes to discover that the world of books has become as unreal and flat to them as if it were a world of shadows." Some truth there may be in this remark, and no doubt the writer spoke from experience. But men are differently constituted, and so well do I love books that I cannot believe they are ever out of season or become "unreal and flat." As well might you say that the mountains and streams and woodlands are tame and unprofitable in hours of supreme grief. There is, indeed, no satisfying consolation in nature; but is there not a soothing power that imperceptibly tranquillises the spirit? And will not a great grief be borne better in a lovely country than in a narrow London street? In its measure, a good book that contains the very life-blood of the author may have a similar influence. There are words uttered thousands of years ago by prophets and poets so true to our common nature that they give strength and comfort still. But even if one were to allow that the larger sorrows of life cannot be healed by reading, the small perplexities of life, and especially the kind of cares that sit behind us as we travel, disappear under the fascination of a delightful book.

I think, too, that books read out-of-doors and in beautiful scenery influence us more strongly than when read in an ordinary after-dinner hour by the fireside. It may be a fancy, but I like to associate books with places, and with the homes of their authors. Shakespeare is my only poet at Stratford-on-Avon; Wordsworth is my best friend in the Lake country; Scott is all-sufficient for Scotland; and "Westward Ho!" and "Lorna Doone" are my companions in Devonshire. It is well, too, to have some solid work of history or philosophy to read when the sky is your canopy, or the shade of some noble tree. But it should be the outcome of an original mind, and not a compilation, for it is only the book written with the author's heart in it that leaves a strong impression on the reader. A manufactured book is often highly useful, but it is never spirit-stirring, and as we are most of us deadly alive in the country it is then, far more than in the daily routine of business, that we crave after more life still.

J. D.



THE LADY OF THE MANOR: AN AUTUMN STROLL.



CB

G. MONTBARD.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXI.

Burghley House.



THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

"BURGHLEY HOUSE, by Stamford Town"—One line in a ballad fifty years old has made known its name and fame to hundreds and thousands who would otherwise never have heard of the great country house of the famous statesman, Elizabeth's Burleigh (as his name is commonly spelt). While he lived it belonged to history, and immediately after his death sank into a quiet retirement, only to reawaken to fame at the touch of romance. The "Lord of Burleigh" who reigned there at the beginning of the century did more to make his abode famous than any of his ancestors since the great Cecil, and Tennyson has done more than he.

The Laureate's famous ballad is founded on the truth; I am not sure that in any one line it directly departs from the truth; but it is curious to see how entirely—by an ingenious use of the *suppressio veri*, with just a little of the *suggestio falsi* here and there—it differs from the truth.

As to the mere date of the thing, to begin with. The present Marquis is only the second successor of the legendary Lord of Burleigh, who was his grandfather, and died in 1804, when plenty of hale old gentlemen still on their legs were living. But though no date at all is given in the poem, and though the wandering landscape-painter is rather a modern touch, a village maiden who uses a form so archaic as "Which did win my heart from me" suggests a distance of centuries.

And then—there is surely about the whole story a freshness of first love, a tenderness of last. In all its beginning there is an old-world simplicity—it is a boy-noble who falls in love with the girl-peasant, it is a boyish trick to declare to her—

I can make no wedding-present,
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.

Then there is the fairy-tale journey, when they visit parks and lordly castles, "see whatever fair and splendid lies between his home and hers," and at last, at the "mansion more majestic than all those she saw before," he leads her from hall to hall, and turns upon her with the amazing words "All of this is mine and thine"—

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burghley fair and free,
Not a Lord in all the county
Is so great a Lord as he.

And she strives against her fear of the position so forced upon her, and grows to be "a noble lady, and the people love her much"; but in the end droops and droops, under the burthen of the honour to which she was not born, and in few years dies. And then

Deeply mourned the Lord of Burghley,
Burghley House by Stamford Town.

Somehow one would not guess that the Earl of Exeter—for this was then his title—was a man of thirty-seven when he met his second wife (for she was his second); that he had just been divorced from the first—not more than about six months before this second marriage; nor that he was wedded a third time, within three years from the death of the village maiden, to the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton. Neither would one, I am convinced, imagine that the village maiden's name was Sarah Hoggins, nor that the landscape-painter wooed her under the name of Jones.

The story is given, as follows in a Guide to Burghley, published "under the sanction and authority" of the present Marquis, and therefore presumably correct. When the first Marquis of Exeter was a minor, he married a lady (Miss Emma Vernon of Hanbury) from whom he was afterwards divorced. After the separation he retired to the village of Bolas, in Shropshire, and there lived as a private gentleman—but a rich one—under the name of Jones. At first he stayed at an inn, but afterwards—with some difficulty, for the honest villagers thought him "too fine a gentleman, and could not understand how he came by his money"—he found a farmhouse at which he was boarded and lodged. Later, he had a house built for him, on the strictest "cash terms"; and then married the daughter of Thomas Hoggins, his farmer-landlord, a village beauty of seventeen. "Masters of every kind were now procured, and in twelve months' time Mrs. Cecil became an accomplished woman." And not long after this rapid

transformation came the news of the death of the ninth Earl of Burghley; and the new Earl with his Countess set out upon the historical journey to Stamford Town, "calling at the seats of several noblemen, where, to the utter astonishment of his wife, he was received in the most friendly manner." He settled £700 a year on his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoggins, and introduced the Countess "to the fashionable world, where she was respected, admired, adored." But she only lived four years after his succession to the earldom.

It is hard to have to point out that even a history published "under his Lordship's sanction and authority" may be wrong; but the fact remains that its hero was divorced in 1791, and married Sarah Hoggins on Oct. 3 in the same year—which makes a clean sweep of the greater part of his three years' stay at Bolas. We have, fortunately, a more authentic memorial of the Earl and Countess and their family in the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, still at Burghley House. Perhaps it was the anxious, worried look on the Countess's beautiful face that suggested to Tennyson the cause which he has assigned for her early death. I do not know that there is any other record of the trouble that "weighed upon her, and perplexed her, night and morn."

It is curious, though, how a visit to Burghley House inclines one to give credence to Tennyson's theory: perhaps because of all the great houses of England there is hardly one of which the characteristic is more distinctly magnificence, which is more of a palace and less of a home, than Burghley. Without, the multitudinous turrets and peaks and cupolas bewilder one: you can imagine the poor Countess Sarah wondering where, in that town of houses, was "her room." And within, instead of the quaint old comforts of Knole, or the ancient simplicity of Penshurst, all is state: it is a museum, a palace, a great building to receive Kings and Queens in—but surely "there is no place like home" within its walls.

Yet the approach is pleasant enough, especially if the bridal pair entered the park by the little side-gate at the bottom of the narrow lane of cottages which leads from the main street of Stamford Baron. This is a suburb, in Northamptonshire, of the ancient town of Stamford, in Lincolnshire: it is curious how many towns are on the very edge of Northamptonshire—the county that borders on more other counties than any in England. The little river Welland, here the border-line of the shire, cuts the town in two. Looking back, as you go up the hill towards Burghley, the view of the old town is as pretty, perhaps, as any in the land. The river lies low, the main street of town and suburb crossing its bridge, and sloping up to the lovely tower of St. Mary's Church. This rises, dark grey, slender and graceful, richly decorated with pillared gallery, with deep-set windows and a tall pyramid of tapering spire, across the white road; the old houses open out to right and left into a little square of grey low-browed buildings, in which the church is set. Other church towers rise on the hillside; and away to the left a brighter and newer part of the town—though this even is by no means new—stands out beyond a delta of yellow-green meadow, kept ever fresh by the flowing Welland.

And Stamford Baron, on the Northamptonshire bank, is a dignified little place; with something of a martial air, perhaps. Near the bridge, a boulevard runs towards the station between grey walls, as warlike as the George Inn at the corner—a great old coaching-inn, with courtyard and battlements and escutcheons, and a generally feudal bearing, as of an ancient warrior sound asleep at his post. Its old twisted sign-iron runs quite across the road.

Then clean grey houses go up a steepish hill, to where the thick trees of the park border the roadside as it bears away to the right. It is by a little lane to the left that one commonly walks to the side-gate of the park; but one may suppose that a Lord of Burghley bringing home his bride would go by the entrance-ldges on the North Road, about a mile from the house. These lodges were built by the first Marquis—our Lord of Burghley—in 1801, and all the work was carried out by Stamford men.

The house stands in a large and pleasant park, some seven miles round, full of great trees, with here and there a sweep of lawn. It is close by the town—a good part of which you can see from the beginning of the great avenue—yet all about it is quiet, but for the noisy singing of innumerable birds, and lonely, except for the grazing cattle, and perhaps a few children at play, or strangers passing through to look at the great house, or ancient countrywomen carrying wood.

It is a beautiful avenue that runs to the inner gate of the park—a double row of trees, with a footpath between, standing on each side of the shady carriage-road. The gate, too, is guarded by a group of trees; and then the road winds past the great house, set in trees, with only here and there a bit of lawn or a glimpse of the many windows and chimneys of Burghley.

The first view one has of the house is of the western side—three storeys of a great building, of a warm, pleasant grey, close-studded with windows, with square wings at the ends, and turrets and small cupolas above: a handsome pile, indeed, as it stands on a terrace above the lawn, overlooking the little lake which dates from the boyhood of the Lord of Burghley.

But in the western front there is nothing of the overwhelming complexity which makes it impossible to give any idea of the great north front of Burghley save by one word alone—"multitudinous." Here is there, indeed, a multitude, a crowd, of columns, towers, and cupolasspringing from the roof of this long stretch of building; the centre stands out, the wings are as square towers rising at each side, and an octagonal turret surmounts each; above the central compartment is a balustrade, and pinnacles and grotesque pedimented arcades

rise round it; a line of building runs down from the front to a high cupola'd tower by the porter's lodge. The windows are countless; a broad carriage-way leads round a large plot of grass—which was a pond until the southern lake was formed; high iron railings with lofty gates enclose this space—but these gates are chiefly for ceremony: an inscription asks you to go forward to the porter's lodge close by. Beyond, to the left, is a great old stableyard—a quadrangle, open on the fourth side—grey, simple, solid.

The date—1587—which stands out in large figures above the central entrance is the latest of three still to be seen: 1577 is carved on the arched ceiling of the west entrance, and 1585 on the spire of the chapel. The house, so Horace Walpole tells us, was built by the famous architect of those times, John Thorpe, the designer of Holland House, of Houghton Hall, of Woolaton, and many another famous seat. Walpole calls his style "that bastard style, which intervened between Gothic and Grecian architecture"; or rather between the architecture of the fortified castle and the comfortable manor-house. But even Walpole does not deny that this particular house is very handsome and very striking.

There are, I believe, 145 rooms in this house, which forms a great quadrangle, measuring—on the outside—about 200 ft. from east to west, by 157 ft. from north to south. It is built of a local stone called "Barnack rag"—part of the house is in the parish of Barnack—which stone is of a light grey or greyish-yellow, and seems very excellent to build with. On the southern side is a pretty lake of some thirty-two acres, designed by that famous landscape-gardener Mr. "Capability" Brown.

At the lodge, an ancient porter admits you with dubious welcome. So ancient is he, and so scant of courtesy, that I am tempted to believe that it was he who received the Village Maiden, and first chilled her heart, which missed at its new home the hearty hospitality of the Hogginses. But no—she, poor thing! probably went in by the grand front entrance: this courtyard by the lodge is so pleasant in its old-fashioned simplicity that she must have felt at home here, porter or no porter. It is half filled up by a noble old horse-chestnut-tree—one of the finest, they say, in all England. A covered gallery runs down from the main building; there are a kind of homely cloisters, in whose shade servants in white dresses go about their business; and above, before you and to the right, rises the great house with its myriad chimneys.

Straight ahead is a metal portico, or shelter from the rain—very welcome, no doubt, when it is raining, but needlessly modern and ugly. But this leads to an ancient and splendid kitchen, for which much may be forgiven—and of which the doors stand ever so hospitably open that the swallows have built their nests, one above each door-leaf, and fly out with a friendly curiosity as you walk by.

This kitchen is a great white chamber, older than the rest of the house, with a lofty fan-ceiling; facing the door hangs a huge picture of a carcass of beef, and under this is a copper turtle—the divinites of the temple, we may suppose, to which the priestly cooks pour out libations.

Hence we go to another of the many "sights" of Burghley—one cannot but think of that poor village maiden beginning her home-life by seeing the sights of a hundred and forty-five rooms! But this special sight is certainly worthy to be seen; and it is not a room, but an antique stone staircase, with a deep-vaulted roof, an arch over each of its shorter flights, and heavy groinings above the landings. Up this we pass towards the Ante-chapel and the Chapel itself, which are divided only by heavy arches. The Chapel is a great square room, richly decorated, and with a look of comfort and of constant use rare in the chapels of great houses; indeed, prayers are read here every morning. By the pulpit, to the right of the fireplace, is the seat filled by two Queens of England—Elizabeth and Victoria—on their visits to Burghley.

The Chapel is decorated, as is much of the house, with the wood-carvings of Grinling Gibbons; there is, perhaps, no house in England where are more or finer specimens of his work than here—room after room is made beautiful with his festoons of fruit and flowers. On the walls great pictures hang—typical old masters, with their most typical subjects; the altar-piece is a Paul Veronese. Lamps are held by ten Virgins, life-sized figures in black, classified according to intellect in the usual rather summary fashion. The dark brown paneling looks well against a white ceiling richly decorated; and there is a magnificent chimney-piece of different marbles, with twisted columns, brought from Lisbon for the late Marquis.

Then comes a series, perhaps the longest in England, of show-rooms, filled with a collection of magnificent works of art and commonplace "curiosities." It almost reminds one of that wonderful Treasury at Constantinople, where, hidden from the view of all men—not one visitor is allowed to enter in three years, I should think—are jewels, which would cause a riot in a London ball-room, side by side with eighteenth-century toys from Birmingham. In one room at Burghley is a picture well worth the entire house twice told—one of those works of art which are, indeed, beyond all price. In its neighbourhood there are—I quote the authorised guidebook—"a pair of white kid gloves and some fragments of a white chrysanthemum wreath, worn by her present Majesty" at a christening, with the note that "an attempt was made to preserve the wreath by the process of Electro-gilding, but in undergoing the operation it was damaged, and the present fragments were alone preserved." This is the medley which is shown to the public on payment of a shilling a head; for the owner of Burghley has not seen fit to follow the example of the Duke of Bedford, and abolish all fees for the showing of his home.

The first room of the series is called the First Billiard-Room: it is hung mainly with family portraits. Here is the picture of the first Marquis with his wife (née Hoggins) and children: one sees that the story probably did not exaggerate the youthful beauty of its heroine. Her husband looks, perhaps, more than his age; but then he had lived much. There are several interesting faces in this room—as those of Newton (a libel, one would fain hope), of Hobbes, of Kneller, by himself, and of Verrio, the decorator of Blenheim and Burghley and many other houses, by himself. The billiard-table is made of oak from the wreck of the Royal George.

The Second Billiard-Room was the old ball-room, and is (to quote Carlyle on Goethe's present to him) "a very dashing affair." The walls and ceiling were painted by Louis Laguerre, and the historical people who surround one are moving about among great pillars and curtains with astonishing vigour and brightness; while the ceiling "purports to be a representation of the planetary system, and exhibits an assemblage of mythological deities, engaged in different pursuits," as the guidebook stolidly informs us.

In the Brown Drawing-Room are many pictures, some by the Old Masters who are for ever young, but more perhaps by the Old Masters who very soon become old-fashioned. For example, there are at Burghley a dozen or twenty pictures by a lady whose name everyone has heard, but whose work very few really remember—Angelica Kauffmann. In this Brown Drawing-Room she is represented by a pair of true last-century allegories—"Prudence Resisting Love" and "Love Conquering Prudence."

An interesting room, quaint in colour, and old and pleasant, is the Black and Yellow Bed-Chamber. Brown and yellow is more the tone of the room now; but it takes its name from the hangings of its ancient state bed, whose needlework is, they say, two hundred years old, but was transferred to new satin in 1839. The walls are hung with Gobelins tapestry; over the chimneypiece is more of Grinling Gibbons's work; and in the windows are some fine pieces of coloured glass, after Teniers and others.

In the West Dressing-Room, which is hung with green damask, are many pictures, and, by way of "curiosities," two pretty tiny battle-pieces, carved in wax—an odd material for such a subject, unless the artist was a punster. A nun-like portrait of Madame De Maintenon is historically interesting.

Then you come to Queen Elizabeth's Room, very interesting, because it has been kept as nearly as possible in the state it was in when that worthy monarch slept here. Of course, it has grown dowdy in the centuries, as the bed, with hangings of green velvet and gold, the chairs, green and gold too, and the tapestry have not been touched by the restorer's hand. Some such room was in Shakespeare's eye when he described the bedchamber of Imogen: among these tapestries is even one he names—

The chimneypiece
Chaste Dian bathing;

but here we have to keep her company not Cleopatra, but Ariadne and Galatea. In many rooms at Burghley, too, are fireplaces decorated after the fashion of Imogen's—

Her androns were two winking Cupids (I had forgot them)
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

There is no need to say how impossible it is even to mention a tithe, or a twentieth, of the pictures in a collection like that at Burghley; yet of the fifty portraits in the room next to Queen Elizabeth's—known as the Pagoda Room—every single one, I think, has its interest. There is the great Lord Burghley himself, a round, simple old body to look upon: one of the "baby-head" type of wise men, quiet, self-contained, and modest. There is Mistress Jane Cecil, his mother, by Holbein; and the same painter's portrait of his great mistress, Elizabeth—when she was a queer, peaky, ill-favoured girl; and another painter's portrait of the Virgin Queen many, many years after. Then there is a bright, strong boy by Velasquez; and a terrible picture by Rembrandt of enormous, almost superhuman, old age—the heavy, sunken face of that Countess of Desmond who is said to have lived to be 143, and who, indeed, here looks it. Other portraits we cannot even name—only we may point out, for his connection with the house, the keen and canny visage of "Capability" Brown, the gardener, and, for its own wonderful charm and sweetness, the bright face of David Garrick.

The Pagoda which gives this room its name is a mother-of-pearl model, on a table near the window, of one at Nankin. The room is the centre of the west side of the house; and next it is the "Purple Satin" Bed-Room, hung with tapestry—Bacchanalian tapestry, it is discreetly called—made for the fifth Earl of Exeter. In the dressing-room, also hung with purple satin, are several good pictures; one notices especially a Paul Veronese, painted on slate, and an Albert Dürer, a "St. Hubert" of amazing perspective. From the window here one sees, looking out upon the pretty park, a tree planted by Queen Elizabeth; the last few winters have wrought much havoc in it, but new shoots are still growing from the old trunk. A few rooms farther, and trees planted by Queen Victoria, by the Prince Consort, and, quite recently, by Prince Albert Victor are to be seen from the windows.

The following suite of rooms is now named after the Royal visitors who occupied it in 1844, as it had previously been christened after a princely guest who was to have come but did not—George IV., then Prince of Wales. There are four "George Rooms," all of which have ceilings painted by Verrio, who was employed for twelve years at Burghley; and all, I think, have silver-mounted grates, after the fashion described by Shakespeare.

The first of these rooms, called now Prince Albert's Dressing-Room, is a beautiful little place, all in brown wood and gold, except for its gaily painted ceiling, whereon we see "Morning Chasing Night from the Heavens." The

which has been called the gem of the Burghley collection: "Christ Blessing the Elements"—a small picture of strong and simple colour. One does not need the legend preserved with it to admire so manly a masterpiece.

Next is Queen Victoria's Bed-Room, the State Bed-Room of the house, *par excellence*—in which it is quite impossible to overlook the state bed. So aggressive is it in its red-and-gold that one would fain turn away at once and examine the curious tapestry on the walls. But no: there it stands, and will be seen.

However, there is a soothing smell of *pot-pourri* in the room, and the tapestry really is interesting. On three sides of the room are represented—emblematically, of course—Air, Fire, and Water: they have left out Earth, perhaps because it was beneath them, but they have fully atoned by working into the borders of their pictures views of Burghley, which give quite a relevancy to the whole. Almost more interesting is a picture in black-and-white of some bygone ancestors of the Dowager Duchess—uncompromising likenesses of three plain and curiously modern young men and their page.

The most notable picture in the next, the Red Dressing-Room, is a fine portrait of Pope Gregory I., by Andrea Sacchi; but there are many pretty things besides the pictures, especially a casket of silver filigree, Queen Elizabeth's toilet service, and a very fine breakfast set of old Dresden china.

The succession of show-rooms in brown-and-gold is carried on by the Victoria Drawing-Room, and here—among many other Old Masters, some not without the ugliness supposed to be common to their kind—there is a picture so lovely that no words can help one in the least to realise its charm, its unspeakable beauty. Its subject is that which the great painters of old rightly recognised as the most beautiful of all, the Holy Family: its painter is the "faultless painter," Andrea del Sarto. The colour is rich and soft, gorgeous and yet subdued, like the colouring of a dream. The Virgin's face is filled with an exquisite beauty and sweetness; and the tenderness of those women's hands that hold up to each other the two baby-friends, and those dimpled baby forms, bring tears to the eyes of him who looks upon it. I think if I were the Marquis of Exeter I would change this lovely picture of two women and four little children for no painting in the world. Looking upon this, at least, must that homesick village maiden have sometimes found comfort and sympathy.

After such a picture, it is with no surprise or shock that one goes directly to heaven: one quite expects to find that it is only the next room, as is actually the case. It is rather a heathen paradise that has given this great chamber its name: on the walls and ceiling we see the doings of Mars and Venus, Jupiter, Juno, and all their somewhat disreputable family, quite as large as life. Verrio, the artist, has put himself in the corner of one of these great cartoons, "takin' notes": this room is held to be his masterpiece. Other interesting things here are a magnificent cabinet, painted, inside and out, by Rubens and his pupils; and a great glass case, full of rare china. A real "curiosity," too, are the actual chairs of the Council of Ten, from the Doge's Palace at Venice—very stately and straight in the back, and almost as full of dignity as when Brabantio and his brethren sat in them.

After heaven—there is no use in mincing the matter—comes hell: this is the ancient and legitimate name of the grand staircase, whose ceiling full of infernal deities was painted by Verrio, and the walls by Stothard. A fine staircase it is, just over a century old: at its top are the candelabra used at the lying-in-state of the Duke of Wellington, and not far away a model of a church well known to all Londoners—St. Mary-le-Strand—which stands close by the streets whose names of Burghley, Cecil, and Exeter proclaim their ancient ownership.

Last and greatest of the rooms at Burghley is the Great Hall, a lofty and splendid apartment, over 60 ft. high indeed at the highest point of its roof—bright and airy with the light wood of its arches and rafters, solid as it is; and the whole hall is bright in colour, and stately without gloom. Along the walls are bookcases of light wood—whose only fault is that the books are entirely hidden in them—which rise to a height of 14 ft. It is yet another 14 ft. to the corbels whence spring the arches of the roof, and this space is white wall, hung with large portraits. Perhaps there is nothing in England finer in its way than this lofty and beautiful roof.

Above the music gallery, which is at the north end of the hall and has room for fifty musicians, hangs tapestry copied from Raphael's cartoons. In the western side are arched recesses, lined with mirrors; at the south end, and in a bay on the east, are two great windows, rich with stained and silvered glass. The arms of Elizabeth and James I., of Victoria and Albert, of Cecil, Poyntz, and Montague, are blazoned on this glass, some of which is very old—almost indecipherable from sheer age.

And the history of Burghley—the manor, if not the house—reaches back a very long way too. "In the time of Edward the Confessor," we are told, "it was let to one Alfgar, the King's chaplain, at whose death it was seized by the crown, and was subsequently redeemed by Leofric, Abbot of Peterborough, for eight marks of gold. In the reign of William the Conqueror it was held by Geoffrey de Winton, or Winchester, and the manor was, some time afterwards (1146), confirmed by Pope Eugenius to the Abbey of Burgh."

The Abbot of Peterborough held Burghley about the time of Henry III.; and in 1280, on the death of Thomas de Burghley, then the owner, we find that "as he was knight, and held of the Abbey, two horses were delivered as a mortuary; and Mary, his relict, dying soon after, a cow was paid on the same account." To his descendants there succeeded, by purchase of the reversion, a family named Wykes; and early in the sixteenth century Margaret Chambers, cousin and successor of the last of the Wykes—who was Vicar of All Saints, Stamford—sold it to Richard Cecil, father of the great Lord Treasurer.

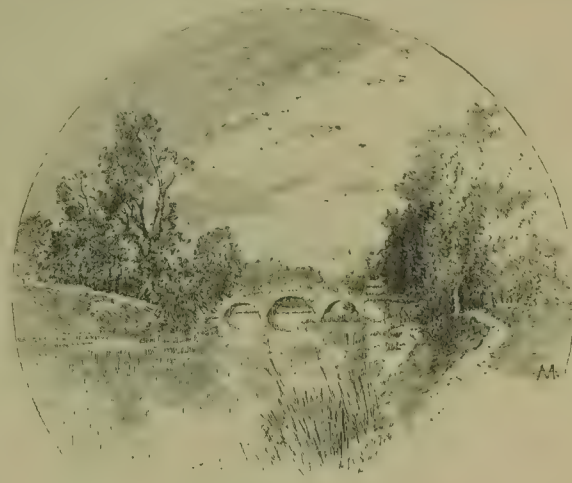
The history of Burghley, in truth, begins and ends with Elizabeth's mighty Minister. He built the house—on the ruins, it would seem, of a former one; and he also made the fortunes of his family, out of presents of a grateful sovereign—which came, we need not doubt, from the pockets of families not so fortunate. "He was so moderate in his desires," says Macaulay, with a fine irony, "that he left only three hundred distinct landed estates."

In that magnificent National Portrait Gallery which the great historian has left us—from whose walls look down the ever-living faces of Bacon, Strafford, Chatham, and scores, perhaps hundreds, of their most famous countrymen—the builder of Burghley is fortunate to have his full-length picture; fortunate, too, in that no bias of prejudice led the painter to draw him with those "Rembrandt effects" of exaggerated light and shade too common in his portraits.

Perhaps, indeed, the man who stood at the helm during a voyage so long and prosperous, who had so entirely the confidence of a captain so able as Elizabeth, deserved a judgment less cool and critical than Macaulay's; or perhaps his brief and vivid statement of the facts of Burghley's life is in truth praise enough—seeing what came before and after—without any words of comment. On Mary's death, he says, "Cecil rose at once to greatness. He was sworn in Privy Councillor

and Secretary of State to the new sovereign before he left her prison of Hatfield; and he continued to serve her during forty years, without intermission, in the highest employments. . . . What the haughty daughter of Henry needed was a moderate, cautious, flexible Minister, skilled in the details of business, competent to advise, but not aspiring to command. And such a Minister she found in Burleigh. No arts could shake the confidence which she reposed in her old and trusty servant. . . . For Burleigh she forgot her usual parsimony, both of wealth and of dignities. For Burleigh she relaxed that severe etiquette to which she was unreasonably attached. Every other person to whom she addressed her speech, or on whom the glance of her eagle eye fell, instantly sank on his knee. For Burleigh alone a chair was set in her presence; and there the old Minister, by birth only a plain Lincolnshire esquire, took his ease, while the haughty heirs of the Fitzalans and the De Veres humbled themselves to the dust around him."

Twelve times, we are told, he entertained his Queen for weeks together at the stately house which her gratitude had



THE BRIDGE ON THE LAKE.

enabled him to build; although after she had raised him to the peerage he wrote, characteristically enough, to a friend: "My stile is Lord of Burghley, if you mean to know it for wrytynge, and if you list to wryte truly, the poorest lord in England!" Nevertheless, the estates of his successors now cover 27,000 acres, comparatively little of which, I believe, has been added since his death. Indeed, the history of the house for the last three hundred years may be compressed into the statement that the second Baron Burghley was created Earl of Exeter, and the tenth Earl was made a Marquis. This first Marquis was he who took home the village maiden to the greatest and richest of the hundred and fifty stately seats of Northamptonshire; and she, by a strange fate, once more made famous a house then almost forgotten, but once the greatest in England after the Queen's own palace.

EDWARD ROSE.

FRUIT-GROWING IN ENGLAND.

During the past few months the Fruiterers' Company have received several suggestions as to the encouragement of fruit-culture in England, and it appears to be very generally thought by those persons best qualified to form an opinion that, if necessary care and judgment be exercised, the British growers of choice grades of hardy fruits can profitably compete with foreign growers. The company, having received most valuable suggestions from the Lord Mayor, Mr. Henry Chaplin, the President of the Board of Agriculture, and many other gentlemen, have passed the following resolution: Resolved, that the Fruiterers' Company feel strongly the great importance of the question of fruit-farming in England, and view with much concern the want of attention paid to the production of apples, pears, plums, and other hardy fruits of fine quality, and deplore the frequently neglected state of many of the existing orchards. The company therefore desire to encourage the development of the profitable culture of fruits of high quality in England for the advantage of the grower and consumer, and for the better utilisation of agricultural land. With this object the company propose to establish a fund of not less than £5000 (towards which they are willing to contribute £500), from the income whereof they intend annually to offer prizes for the best-managed fruit-farms, plantations, or orchards. The Lord Mayor has undertaken to receive at the Mansion House subscriptions to the fund, which can also be sent to the clerk of the company, Mr. O. C. T. Eagleton, 40, Chancery-lane, London.

Mr. Justice Denman relieves Mr. Baron Pollock as Long Vacation Judge, his Lordship being in attendance at Queen's Bench Judges' Chambers on Tuesday. The weekly sittings in open court are continued on Wednesdays as usual.

Chief Police Commissioner Monro attended at the Stoke Newington Police Station, on Sept. 12, and in the presence of over one hundred constables of the N Division presented the Royal Humane Society's certificate and medal to Police-Constable Jesse Gowers, in recognition of his gallantry in saving the life of a child who had fallen into the Enfield Lock.

The University of London has published a new programme for matriculation examinations. Candidates will be required to pass in English, mathematics, and in one of five groups of subjects, two languages other than English, two branches of natural or physical science, and commercial subjects, including shorthand at fifty words per minute. The idea is to render the examination better fitted to take the place of what are called in other Universities the "senior local examinations."

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution held on Sept. 12, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £162 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life on our coasts. Payments amounting to £5169 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £2 2s. offertory at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, and £3 5s. 8d. from Mr. George Rodgers, of Guberville, California. Deep regret was expressed at the death of Lord Addington, who had been a member of the committee of management of the institution for fifteen years. It was reported that H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg had recently visited the Bembridge life-boat station, when he went aloft in the life-boat, accompanied by Colonel Clerk. New life-boats have just been sent to Wicklow, Fishguard, and Kingsgate. The Brancaster and Penarth life-boats have also been altered and fitted with all modern improvements and returned to their stations.



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES.

walls are hung with tiny masterpieces: here, again, one might well describe each picture, and can name but one, perhaps the most "taking" in subject, a "Boy and Pigeon," by Guido.

Adjoining is the Jewel Closet, a tiny chamber, also in gold-and-brown, with a Verrio ceiling of its own and one of the last bits of Gibbons's carving. Here are all manner of treasures and curiosities, jewels, memorials of Queen Elizabeth—even the very spoon which held the oil at her coronation!—and (which is possibly more interesting) a specimen of her Lord Treasurer's neat little handwriting. Here too is a Carlo Dolci,

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXI.



BURGHLEY HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: CANTERBURY.

Apart from the historical renown of Canterbury as the cradle of the English Church and Kingdom in Saxon times, and the architectural grandeur of its stately Cathedral, that quiet old city, with more than provincial dignity, and with an air of assured repose which is soothing and tranquillising to the Londoner, invites a visit for the sake of many relics of past ages, reminiscences of ecclesiastical authority, of popular social customs, especially the famous Pilgrimages, and notable features of mediæval English life. It abounds in quaint and picturesque buildings and street views delightful to the artist and to the antiquary, some of which are represented in our Sketches. The Cathedral has often been illustrated and described.

The entrance to the city from the London road is commanded by the fine old structure of West Gate, with its flanking round towers and battlements above, erected by Archbishop Simon Sudbury in the reign of Richard II. Sudbury was Chancellor of the Kingdom, and was murdered by the Wat Tyler rebels on Tower Hill in London. An old-fashioned tavern, of which there are several near this gate, attracts notice by its overhanging upper front rooms and its gabled roof. Within the city walls are pleasant public gardens, at one corner of which rises a pretty artificial mound called the "Dane John," probably on the site of a "dungeon" which was long ago demolished. The streets and shops have an appearance of modest prosperity, and of the politeness to be expected in the capital of East Kent. The Cathedral precinct is approached from High Street through Christ Church Gateway, a fine Gothic edifice, with a grand arch over the road and a side arch for foot-passengers, surmounted by two storeys of important building, the summit of which is battlemented and the front adorned with much bold sculpture, now considerably defaced, while the niches have lost their numerous statues. On the east side of the Cathedral precinct are the few remains of the great Augustinian Monastery, which vied with the Benedictine Monastery and the Archbishop's Palace to the north. St. Augustine's Gate, with its twin tall towers, is not less imposing than that of Christ Church. Other Convents and Priors, beside the great Abbeys, and many Hospitals for the reception of pilgrims, were to be found in Canterbury; the "Chequers of the Hope," in Mercery-lane, still exhibit some arches of a large building where a hundred guests could sleep at night. Of the Castle Keep, at the south-west angle of the city walls, adjacent to the Dane John, there are some ruins almost enclosed between modern houses. We need not, upon this occasion, speak of the magnificent Cathedral; but we may observe that its external beauties are much enhanced by the spaciousness of the surrounding courts, lawns, and gardens, by the avenues of trees, and by the harmony of the accessory buildings, those of the ancient Monastery, and those of the Deanery, the School, and the residences of the Chapter, with the ecclesiastical and collegiate character of the place. Canterbury possesses also several interesting old parish churches within and without the city walls, and handsome edifices of modern date, such as St. Augustine's Missionary College.

NEW BOOKS.

Angling Songs. By Thomas Tod Stoddart: with a Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—The charms of the Tweed and the Teviot, apart from the romantic Border Minstrelsy and from reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott, retain an endearing influence on those who have wandered beside either of the bright rivers, or by the Ettrick and Yarrow, in a delightful land of hills, woods, and meadows, of quiet country towns, fair parks, grand ruined abbeys, sequestered hamlets, and towers haunted by legendary memories of ancient warfare. Salmon- and trout-fishing, moreover, are there enjoyed by some of the most enthusiastic amateurs of what they are pleased to call the gentle craft, which is also pursued in many an upland loch, the whereabouts being a topic of mysterious reserve, so that it is rather amusing to overhear or to peruse their discourse on the peculiar felicity of angling in that classic region. The late Mr. Stoddart, who died in 1880, having resided more than forty years in the pleasant little town of Kelso, was not only skilful in his favourite sport, and intimately acquainted with all the localities, but was also the friend and companion of many literary men—John Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," W. E. Aytoun, Sheriff Bell, Professor Ferrier, and others whose genial temperament inclined them to similar pursuits. He wrote poems, sketches, and imaginary colloquies; but several of his compositions, being of a too ambitious character, such as "The Death Wake" and "Ajalón of the Winds," did not prove a success, nor did his prose romance, "Abel Massinger," achieve a reputation. On the other hand, his "Angler's Companion," published in 1847, was highly approved; and many of his songs, collected and reprinted in this volume, are tolerable specimens of fugitive verse, inspired by the love of natural scenery, and by innocent pride in the victories of the honest fisherman. Miss Stoddart's filial task of biography is performed with good taste and judgment, in a manner that will be gratifying to her father's friends, and the frontispiece portrait of him is a characteristic likeness.

Our Rarer Birds: Studies in Ornithology and Oology. By Charles Dixon. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The author of this valuable treatise on a very interesting subject of British natural history is well known as a scientific observer and commentator in the home field of ornithology, which he has, during fifteen years past, explored to the remotest shores of our islands, going even so far as lone St. Kilda, west of the Hebrides, and to the secluded moorland glens and wild sea-cliffs of Northern Scotland. More than a hundred different species of birds which are not common to most parts of the country, but which breed and perhaps abound in certain localities of Great Britain and the adjacent archipelago, are carefully described by Mr. Charles Dixon. He tells us of the golden eagle, white-tailed eagle, and osprey; the peregrine falcon, hobby, and merlin; the buzzards and the harriers; three species of owl; the red-backed shrike; several warblers, titmouses, or titmice, nuthatches, and finches; the nightingale, the woodlark, the woodpecker, and others much talked of, but not everywhere to be seen; the raven, the hooded crow, the chough; rails and crakes and curlews; three or four kinds of plover; capercaillie, grouse, and ptarmigan; wild duck, sheldrake, widgeon, teal, and tern; various species of gull and guillemot, grebe, diver, and kittiwake; the wild goose, gannet, cormorant, puffin, and the petrels, one of which, the "fulmar," is found only at St. Kilda, where also the "shearwater" is in great force. It is pleasant to read of the haunts and habits of these birds, and must be delightful to watch them in a visit to any part of England or Scotland, on the coast or inland, on plain or mountain, beside the rivers or in the woods and groves, where they may be found. No rural district of our native country is without its birds, some of which are probably different from those most frequently seen in a neighbouring county. Nor does this depend entirely on climate; for the nightingale is almost unknown in Devon.

The author's brief chapter on the migration of birds would prompt us to wish that he might write a fuller treatise on that interesting theme. Of birds' nests and birds' eggs he discourses more largely, and in a philosophical vein of inquiry concerning the why and wherefore of their peculiarities, and the circumstances of their production, with some further speculation on the colours of birds' plumage, referring to sexual and parental relations. The volume is adorned with twenty beautiful illustrations, from drawings by Mr. Charles Whympster.

Our Friends in the Hunting-field. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. (F. V. White and Co.)—These clever, shrewd, satirical character-sketches of different types of hunting gentlemen, and even hunting ladies, observed among the ordinary crowd of equestrians at a meet of foxhounds, cannot fail to be amusing to everyone whose social experiences have sometimes been obtained in scenes of that description. Mrs. Edward Kennard, in some of her other writings, especially as a novelist, has shown considerable acquaintance with the habits and manners of people addicted to sport, or who affect to be versed in sport, whether of the field or of the river; and she has a sharp insight into the peculiar developments of tone and temper often attending the ambition to display superior horsemanship. The "Man who goes first," the "Man who has lost his nerve," the "Man who blows his own trumpet," the sporting horsedealer, the venerable dandy, the "funk-stick," the melancholy man, and the bore, with the popular woman, the dangerous woman, and the jealous woman, are here portrayed in a knowing manner, but in no censorious spirit.

By-Faths and Cross-Roads. By J. E. Pantton. (Ward and Downey.)—Mrs. Pantton's country sketches and studies of rural scenery, mostly within two or three hours' railway travel from London, are "the harvest of a quiet eye," thoughtfully observed and rewarded by grateful enjoyment. Her writing has some of the good qualities of that of the late Richard Jefferies; and, to the jaded victim of London society, business, fashion, and forced artificial entertainment, it is a wholesome kind of reading, which shows the ample range of fair places for holiday retreat and repose in the Home Counties of England. They are, with a few exceptions, not precisely named or identified in these pleasant descriptive chapters; but those who have often rambled off the main railway-lines in Kent and Surrey, Essex and Hertfordshire, Hampshire and Berkshire, will perhaps guess some of the localities, or will perceive the general truthfulness of the author's word-pictures, which we can indeed attest from personal recollection. As for the multitude of mistaken persons who, needing rest and tranquillity to restore health of body and mind, quit London only to visit another town, whether on the seacoast or in foreign parts of Europe, Mrs. Pantton's book can but tell them of the easy opportunities which they neglect and despise. They have a right to please themselves; but their friends may be sorry to see them return not very well pleased, and not soundly reinvigorated for the toils of metropolitan life. These chapters, which by the grace and purity of their style, and by the distinctness of the views that they present, are commendable and agreeable literature, have the merit of proving that homely English country scenes may delight a cultivated taste, and that one need not go far to find them.

The Eyes of the Thames. By Arthur T. Pask. (Ward and Downey.)—The rather enigmatic title of this collection of descriptive sketches, when it is understood to mean some of the sights and scenes of riverside life and work in and about the port of London, covers nearly half the contents of the volume. It would be interesting, just now, to read one or two chapters on the docks and the dock labourers; but the Thames itself, in "the Pool" below bridge, and all the way down to Blackwall and Woolwich, nay, to Gravesend, to the Nore, and up the Medway, must claim particular attention at the present time. Mr. Pask has explored, by day and by night, the river with its various fleets of floating craft, the wharves, stairs, lanes, and streets thereby, the haunts of sailors and dens of crimps, and the barges of the Regent's Canal. His further quest of marine human curiosities has extended to Portsmouth Hard, anciently the resort of man-of-war's men; and much that is quaint, odd, and rudely picturesque will be found among his scenes and figures, but with little substantial addition to ordinary knowledge of naval and other nautical affairs. Other aspects of London popular life, the markets for the poor, the dwellings of the poor in Clerkenwell, the trade in cut flowers and bouquets, the business of a Registrar's office, weddings included, the pay-day for Government pensioners, meditations on the Thames Embankment, a workhouse farm-school, the gallery crowd at a theatre, the employment of children in a pantomime, a club of waiters, a trip in a carrier's wagon, and "gleanings from the gutter," find place in this suggestive medley. They are relieved by pleasant sketches of rural scenery up the Thames, at Hampton Court and Twickenham, and a visit to the old seaport of Dunkirk beyond the Channel.

Old Chelsea: a Summer Day's Stroll. By Benjamin Ellis Martin. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The illustrations, drawn by Mr. Joseph Pennell, greatly enhance the attractiveness of this little book, which is, however, not at all tedious or superfluous in the way of London topography; and Chelsea, though its river-front architecture has been wonderfully transformed by recent stately buildings, still retains many features of antiquarian and historical interest. Mr. B. E. Martin discourses briskly and agreeably of the old manor-houses and mansions, of Sir Thomas More's dignified home, of Neil Gwyn and the Military Hospital, of Swift and Addison, Pope and Bolingbroke, Ranelagh Gardens, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Hans Sloane, the Botanic Garden, Smollett, Cheyne Walk, Carlyle, Rossetti, and other notable dwellers in that retired suburb, which yields to none in literary and biographical associations.

Memorable London Houses. By Wilmot Harrison. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This is a convenient special guidebook, with a map and plan of London exhibiting for reference the numbered sites of a hundred dwelling-houses known to have been inhabited by famous persons. Five walking routes, each from three to five or six miles, are planned and described for the antiquarian pilgrim who has a mind to visit those haunts of departed genius or merit or historic repute; besides further suburban expeditions to Kensington, St. John's Wood, Islington, Hampstead, and Highgate. A hundred original drawings, by Mr. G. N. Martin, represent the existing appearance of the houses, and will serve to aid in their identification, as the little book is easily carried in the pocket. It may well accompany Mr. Laurence Hutton's useful work, "Literary Landmarks of London," a fourth edition of which is published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, revised and enlarged.

The exhibition of the Aïssaona Company has been changed from St. James's Hall to the International Hall, next door to the Café Monaco, Piccadilly-circus.

MUSIC.

Our comments this week are chiefly restricted to notices of the Promenade Concerts, which still maintain their hold on public attention, in their respective localities of Covent-Garden and the Haymarket. In the former instance, the proceedings since our last record have included a Beethoven night, when several masterpieces by the great classic were comprised in the programme. The second symphony and the overture to "Egmont" illustrated different periods of the master's style; as did the "Emperor" pianoforte concerto and the Romance in F for violin. The pianist was Madame Roger-Mielos, who gave a brilliant and artistic rendering of the concerto, the melodious violin piece having been expressively played by Miss Nettie Carpenter. The vocal selection from Beethoven was limited to his "Adelaide" and the song Englished as "Creation's Hymn," which were effectively sung; the first by Mr. H. Piercy, the other by Madame Patey. The miscellaneous selection on the same evening included various pieces, vocal and instrumental, to which the artists above named and Madame Clara Samuël contributed. At Her Majesty's Theatre varied attractions have continued to be offered since the opening night. Among them have been a "Humoristic" programme, including Romberg's "Toy" symphony, which pleased so much that it was repeated on a subsequent evening. A classical selection was given on Sept. 13, when Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, and other well-known works were effectively rendered by the orchestra. M. Tivadar-Nachez's skilful performance of portions of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the brilliant pianoforte-playing of Signor Tito Mattei, and vocal pieces contributed by Miss Gomez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and other well-known artists, were among the attractions of the evening. The system of the "plebiscite" has been continued for the choice of prominent features of the Saturday-night programmes. For that of Sept. 14 there were 4750 votes for the Coronation March from "Le Prophète," 5843 for the overture to "Tannhäuser," 3622 for Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, 6419 for the selection from Gounod's "Faust," 3394 for Waldteufel's new waltz, "Christmas Roses," and 5112 for Mr. Solomon's new quadrille, "Her Majesty's Lancers." The pieces named were brilliantly played, and the concert included a violin solo cleverly executed by M. Henri Marteau, pianoforte pieces neatly played by Mlle. Lippmann, and vocal solos by Misses M. Mackenzie and A. Gomez, Mr. R. Groome and Mr. C. Manners. Signor Arditi at Covent-Garden and Signor Bevignani at Her Majesty's Theatre continue their efficient fulfilment of the office of conductor-in-chief.

The London autumn season will soon receive fresh impetus from the resumption of important serial concerts. The re-appearance of Otto Hegner, the boy pianist, will be one of the specialties of the autumn, his first concert being fixed for Oct. 2. Señor Sarasate, the renowned Spanish violinist, will give a series of grand concerts at St. James's Hall on Oct. 19 and 26 and Nov. 1. On Oct. 19 the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts will enter on a new series. Three concerts, at which Madame Patti will appear, will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 21 and Nov. 4 and 18. The Monday Popular Concerts will recommence on Oct. 28, and Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts on Nov. 14, a new series of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts beginning on Nov. 20—all at St. James's Hall, where, on Nov. 22, Sir Charles Hallé will give the first of four orchestral concerts. Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at St. James's Hall, and those of the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, will be important features during the coming autumn and winter season, which promises to be of more than ordinary interest.

The death was recently announced of Mr. Grattan Cooke, formerly well known as a skilful oboe-player, in association with the Philharmonic Society and other important institutions. He was a student of the Royal Academy of Music in its earliest days. His father, familiarly known as "Tom" Cooke, was a musician of varied talents; as leader of the band, adapter of operas for the English stage, and, occasionally, as a representative of characters therein. He produced some popular vocal pieces, and was well known for his pungent and ready wit in social intercourse. The son inherited some portion of his father's humour.

Mr. A. Graham, who has for the past forty years practised as a lawyer in Glasgow, has been elected Dean of Faculty. The office was formerly held by Professor James Robertson.

A poultry show has been held in the grounds of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, the entries numbering about 1400.

On Sept. 11 the All Ireland Challenge Shield was competed for at the annual meeting of the Belfast and Ulster Rifle Association held at Holywood. There were two squads of four men, one squad representing Dublin and another representing Ulster. The latter won, having an aggregate score of 683, against 664 made by the Dublin men.

Lord Ripon, the Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire, has started a subscription-list towards the purchase of the necessary accoutrements for the Volunteer Corps of the North Riding. His Lordship has given £100, and Lord Zetland £50. Among other subscribers are the Archbishop of York, Lord Carlisle, Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., and Colonel Sir C. W. Worsley.

The Earl of Aberdeen opened a bazaar at Alford, Aberdeenshire, on Sept. 10, in aid of the Volunteers. Among the ninety patronesses, most of whom were present, were the Marchioness of Huntly, the Countess of Aberdeen, the Hon. K. Forbes-Sempill, the Hon. Mrs. Atholl Forbes, Lady Borthwick, and Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton. The bazaar was a great success.

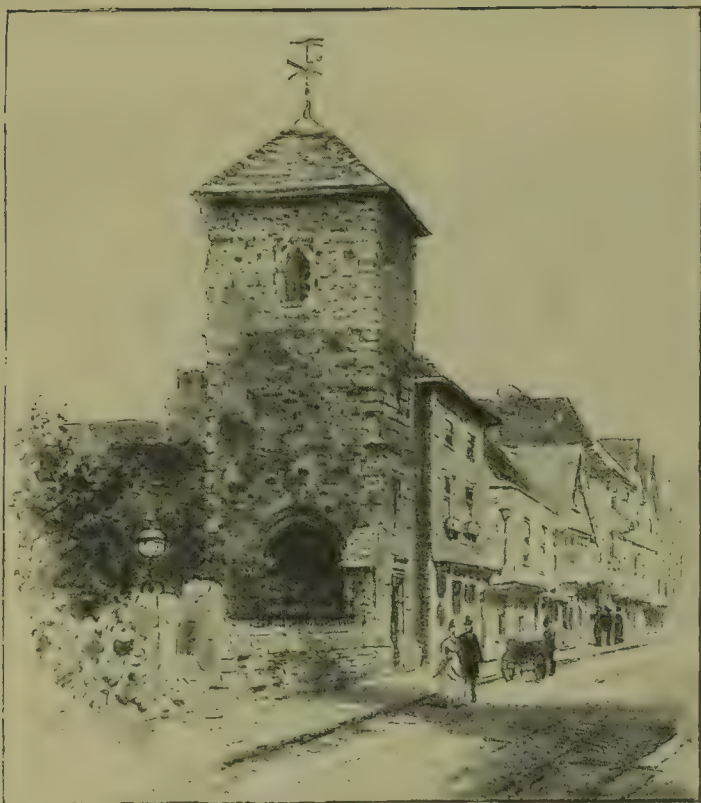
A scheme has been drawn up by the Charity Commissioners for the amalgamation of a number of the old national schools in the City, and to administer their charity funds by a body of trustees, of whom the Bishop of Bedford and the two Archdeacons of London and Middlesex are to be ex-officio members, with Prebendary Rogers and the Rev. J. L. Ross as representing the City clergy.

The freedom of the borough of Kendal was presented to the Lord Mayor of London on Sept. 12 with great ceremony. This is the first occasion that the honour has been bestowed on anyone. The Mayor of Kendal (Mr. Alderman Baron) presented the freedom in a beautiful casket. Among those present were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of York, the Mayor and Mayoress of Carlisle, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Barrow. The Lady Mayoress subsequently opened a bazaar on behalf of the Wesleyan Connexion.

At the Derbyshire Agricultural Show, held at Derby, the entries of cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, cheese, butter, &c., numbered 547; and of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, &c., 226. The Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, Lord Denman, the Marquis of Hartington, Sir William Harcourt, and the Mayor of Derby were among those who offered prizes. The Horticultural Show was also a source of great attraction. On the concluding day there was a promenade concert and a display of fireworks at the Derby Arboretum.



SIDE VIEW.



TOWER OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN CHURCH.



THE DEANERY.



THE WEST GATE.



THE WEST GATE TAVERN.



CHRIST CHURCH GATE.



ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL GATE.



"STRICTLY PRESERVED."

THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF BURMAH.

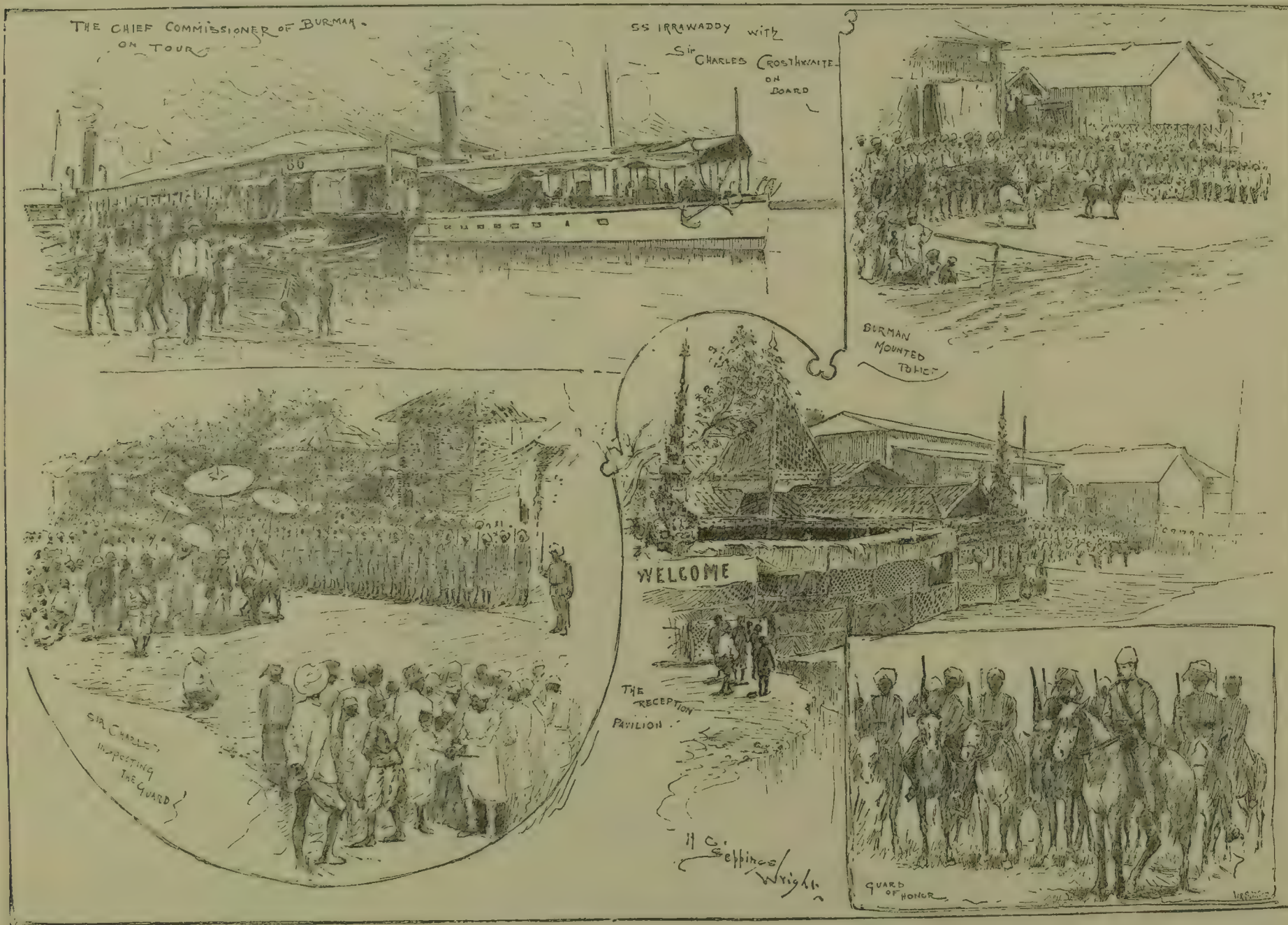
Once a year the Chief Commissioner of Burma, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, makes a tour, visiting all the large towns in Upper and Lower Burma. By this tour he comes into personal contact with the district officials, and acquires direct information regarding the condition of each district. People are free to present petitions direct to him, and to obtain a speedy hearing. He also holds durbars, at which he is able publicly to acknowledge good services performed, and to present distinctions and rewards.

The Chief Commissioner is usually accompanied by his personal assistant, and by one of the secretaries to Government. The Government steamer Irrawaddy is specially employed for these tours. All the large towns are visited, and if there are any important inland stations the steamer halts a few days while the chief with his suite rides up to inspect them. The official tour this year has occupied Sir Charles Crosthwaite over two months. He has spent a good deal of time in the Magwé district, riding over a great part of it, and making full inquiries into its condition. He arrived at Pokoko on July 17. Here he met with a very cordial reception, of which we give some illustrations from the photographs taken by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff. He was received by guards of honour from the 10th Madras Infantry, the Military Police, and the Burman Native Police. Next day the Chief Commissioner left for Myingyen and Mandalay, where he would stay some time before returning to Rangoon.

NOVELS.

Sir Lucian Elphin of Castle Weary. Two vols. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.)—This compilation of "passages from the life" of a young Scottish country gentleman, whose errors and adventures are just enough like human nature to excite a moderate degree of sympathy, is supposed to be put together by his sister, Mrs. Trevanion; but the incidents of fox-hunting, parliamentary and electioneering experiences, London club society, financial entanglement with a bogus American mining company, and foreign travel, purport to be contributed by one or two masculine friends. The materials are judiciously combined in a consistent story, maintaining the originality of the principal characters in effective attitudes towards each other; but that of Lucian Elphin is not heroic, though a baronet of ancient family, inheriting a fair landed estate between the Lammermuir hills and the sea, a keen sportsman, an affable neighbour, and a man of cultivated intelligence, should find the generality of novel-readers both lenient to his faults and ready to pity his misfortunes. These are caused by his proud mother's opposition to a virtuous love-match with Grace Melville of Muirton, by his obligation, under a solemn vow, never to marry any other woman, and by his subsequent yielding to an unrighteous passion for the wife of his friend Lord Guiltree. It is a shorter way of stating the case to say that Lucian Elphin is deplorably weak-minded. He has not the manliness to persist in his resolve to marry Grace, an excellent young lady of suitable rank and fortune, against whom the sole objection is that her

mother had once been a domestic servant. He suffers her to languish in absence during the best years of her youth, and when the only obstacle to their union is removed his early attachment is cooled; but he superstitiously avoids seeking another lawful bride from dread of breaking his rash oath pronounced at the mystic Elphin stone cross, and incontinently falls a victim to the wanton seductions of Lady Guiltree. His conduct in other respects is vacillating, feeble, and imprudent, hastily throwing away large sums of money in the Lone Poplar gold, ranche, and petroleum oil speculation promoted by Mr. Porchester Jones, and getting so deeply embarrassed that he has finally to sell his estate. Though Lucian Elphin does not figure to advantage either as a lover, a friend and comrade, a member of Parliament, or a man of the world, many of the scenes described in this novel are represented with admirable truth and force. Those of salmon-fishing in "Mercklandshire," which we take to be Berwickshire, fox-hunting with a crack pack of hounds in Rutlandshire, and the fashionable lounge at the grounds of the Hurlingham Club, must have been written from direct observation. The expedition also to the site of the pretended El Dorado in Montana, beyond the head-waters of the Missouri, near the Rocky Mountains, is well related; and the tricks of the swindling American projector, with the imbecility of his English dupes, are humorously exposed. It will, however, be difficult for the most lenient judge of amorous transgressions in the persons of fiction to sympathise in any degree with Sir Lucian and Alceste, Lady Guiltree, the latter a vain, flighty, heartless American flirt, when they basely and



THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF BURMAH ON TOUR.

treacherously conspire against the honour of a noble-minded, generous, faithful husband. The consummation of their disgraceful intrigue, after all, is fortunately defeated by Sir Lucian being arrested at the Southampton railway station, on a mistaken suspicion of the murder of another passenger in the train, so that he cannot join her ladyship on board the steamer for the West Indies, and she is carried away to Barbadoes alone. Captain Payne, the railway passenger robbed and murdered by his scoundrel valet, was an infamous social adventurer, who by eavesdropping, spying, and stealing letters had obtained knowledge of the guilty behaviour of this dishonourable pair, and had used it to extort money. An attempt is made to redeem the manhood of Sir Lucian by narrating his later experiences as a special newspaper correspondent in the Zulu War, some incidents of which are related with skill and spirit, including his capture by the savage warriors, and his detention in the Ulundi camp of King Cetewayo. These and other accessory parts of the story are very good, but its principal theme, Sir Lucian's life and character, fails to excite moral interest, and few readers will care for the fulfilment of a gloomy ancestral prophecy dooming his title and family to extinction when he disappears from society as a colonist of Natal.

Raphael ben Isaac: a Tale of 20 A.D. By John Bradshaw. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—As a work of historical romance, designed to illustrate the broad traits of national character, and the prevailing customs, creeds, and rules of social or domestic life, among the diverse inhabitants of Galilee, and of the Greco-Syrian city of Casarea, in the time of Jesus Christ, this story has considerable merit. It yields, in an unobtrusive way, much of that kind of circumstantial knowledge of the conditions of Jewish society in Palestine, the influence of opposed religious sects, the political factions and ecclesiastical rivalries, and the attitude of such parties

towards the Roman rule and the Greek arts of refined elegance and luxury, which helps the imagination to realise some parts of the New Testament narratives. The author seems, indeed, to have thoughtfully studied the archaeological lore recently made available within the limited scope of this interesting tale. He has, moreover, formed tolerably accurate conceptions of the conflicting ethical and intellectual speculations, the pedantic Rabbinical teaching, the Pharisaic bigotry of an exclusive national religion, the Sadducean hypocrisy and profligacy, allied to the temporising policy of the Herodians, and the metaphysical conceits of the disciples of Philo, all which Jewish schools and sects tended to pervert the simple expectation of a coming ideal Messiah or Christ in the minds of the educated classes. The attitude of pure and genuine Christianity, as revealed in the Gospels and Epistles, towards the existing state of opinion among the fellow-countrymen of Christ and of His Apostles, can never be properly understood without reference to all these contemporary systems; and we see no objection, from the point of view of any orthodox Christian, to a sufficiently instructed writer, like Mr. Bradshaw, presenting the ruling ideas and habits of the Jewish nation, a few years before the commencement of Christ's ministry, in the form of illustrative fiction. Mr. Bradshaw has performed this undertaking with a high degree of literary skill, not encumbering his story too much with the details of historical research, but maintaining the originality and vivacity of his characters, with better effect than is done in the majority of ordinary novels. The hero, Raphael the son of Isaac, a wealthy Jew of Capernaum, is a candid, generous, amiable youth, who has been taught the craft of a coppersmith, but is heir to a pretty good fortune; his mind revolts against the teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees, and he is cast out of the synagogue for the crime of having charitably assisted a poor Greek, on the Sabbath day, to sail across the lake to Tarichæa, where his child lay dying. Raphael has been denounced for this heinous

sin by his personal enemy, one Ezra, a Sadducee, an atheist, and a vicious young man, who sought to deprive Raphael of the affections of Mariamne, the gentle daughter of his father's friend Jonathan, the purest and sweetest of Jewish maidens. Confronting the assembled rulers and elders of the congregation, refusing to admit that he has sinned in doing an act of humane charity, Raphael is condemned and driven with ignominy from his parents' abode. He goes to Casarea, furnished with money by his father, who is no bigot, and there falls in with Lycon, a gay and careless Greek of the Epicurean persuasion. He is introduced by this new friend to a graceful company of men of pleasure, and to beautiful girls of easy morality, among whom Raphael soon forgets the precepts of virtue. But he is aroused and saved from these social snares by sudden strokes of disaster; the portion of money bestowed on him is lost by the miscarriage of a mercantile shipping venture; and at the same time he learns that Mariamne and his father and mother are pining in the deepest grief on his account. Resolving to shake off the baneful seductions of Casarea, with its heathenish vanities and luxuries, he wanders inland, across the country, and beyond the Jordan, to the pastoral tribes of Edom and Bashan, with whom he dwells for a season, meditating on the truths of a pure and simple religion, like that of the patriarchs, unmixed with priestly and scholastic inventions. He returns home to Capernaum just in time to receive the dying words and caresses of Mariamne, and is restored to his own family, who greet him with all tenderness and kindness. This story, which is told in a warmly sympathetic spirit, and with a vivid exhibition of personal temperaments, as well as of the types of races, classes, and religious communities, is decidedly worthy of perusal. The descriptions of the scenery in the highlands of Galilee, and of city life in Casarea, are very effective, while the former would seem, at any rate, to be drawn from local observation.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

NOISE.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to any of my readers that this "fine old world of ours" would be a very much improved planet if its noises were reduced to a minimum, or, mayhap, abolished altogether. Personally, I have often been given to lament the noise and clamour of life; and the topic of noise, in relation to our peace, comfort, and health, has been forced upon my attention of late in more ways than one. A recent Continental tour has impressed me very forcibly with the fact that hotel-keepers might do a worse thing (in the way of business) than advertise (and insure) that their caravanserais are quiet and free from the clamour and the din which beset these establishments as a rule. What is true of foreign hotels is equally true of English ones, and, one may add, of not a few of our homes as well. We really suffer from noise much more acutely and severely than we suppose. Later on, I will recur to the physiological side of this social nuisance, but it is easy enough to indict it, on plain grounds, in the first instance. At Scheveningen, for instance, I inhabited a room which, unfortunately for me, looked out on the street that leads from the town to the beach. When the fishing-boats arrive, carts trundle up and down this street all night long. You dropped off to sleep, but were soon awoken by the roll and thunder of the carts over the stones. Then succeeded a pause of, say, fifteen minutes, just sufficient to allow you to fall off to sleep again. Out of this slumber you were awoken by the next cart; and so on, this wretched succession of noise and peace persisted for at least six hours. Commend me to a night which is disturbed at regular intervals for causing one to rise ill-tempered and haggard in the morning. After two nights of this treatment one began to appreciate the infernal ingenuity of the Chinese torture, which consists in waking a man every five or ten minutes for days and nights on stretch.

Nor was this all. A big, brawny Dutchman, wearing Wellington boots, was in the habit of strolling upstairs to bed about midnight. When one was in the "beauty sleep," this adipose Hollander would first of all half-wake me with his Jumbo-like tramp upstairs. Then when he got overhead, he slammed his door with a noise fit to wake the Seven Sleepers; and thereafter began a series of pedestrian exercises in his bed-room, ending up with a perfect salvo of artillery made by casting off his boots, by flinging them outside his door, and by slamming the door once again as a grand finale to his preparations for slumber. This is a grievance one has to submit to in England, of course, but it is a grievance all the same. The hotel servants in the morning laughed and chattered, and made noise enough in the passages; and, finally, when it was time for the morning dip in the sea you felt disposed to turn over, and through sheer exhaustion take not forty but a hundred winks. The fact is, that both at home and abroad we are not at all particular regarding noise, and we suffer therefrom to a degree that tells on health, spirits, and temper in marked fashion. Londoners and denizens of other towns know what it is to be disturbed by the lively Chanticleer who heralds the dawn, or by dogs which "bay the moon," and often apparently bark at other planets as well. There is not the least attempt, as a rule, in social life to repress this noise nuisance; yet, without in any sense being deemed querulous or fidgety, we may demand that for health's sake people should begin to protest as forcibly against the din and clamour of life as they do against the attempt at extortion which appears in their hotel bills under the head of "attendance."

Let us consider what noise means scientifically to the living body. Every sound we hear is first of all conveyed to the drum of the ear, which, in its turn, sets in motion sundry small bones that affect the internal mechanism of the organ of hearing. The sound is then parcelled out, as it were, into its component elements of tone, *timbre* or pitch, direction, and so forth, and is finally transferred to the hearing-centre of the brain. This centre discharges the final work of appreciating the nature of the sound and of converting it into an intellectual item in our consciousness. That we really hear with the brain, is therefore a truism of science, just as we see with the brain, and taste, smell, and touch with the organ of mind. Our senses are the mere receiving offices of the nervous system. It is the head-office or brain which ultimately deals with all the messages or sensations that reach it from the outer world. Now a noise which differs from a musical sound in the irregularity of its vibrations, as may readily be conceived, affects not the ear alone, but the brain likewise. That its effects are irritating enough on the ear may go without saying. That the brain must sympathise with its receiving offices is obvious, and in this respect noise is a nervous irritant, the effects of which probably inflict a greater amount of injury than is usually supposed. We see how a noise may affect the nervous system in the effects of a monotonous sound which causes us to drop off to sleep. Here a kind of mesmeric influence is exerted by the sound, just as a bright light will induce sleep in time. Each organ of sense is, in fact, wearied out by the number and frequency of the impressions made upon it, and a sense of fatigue is the clear result.

The abolition of noise in social life, I am convinced, would mean a vast improvement in the health, temper, spirits, and general welfare of everybody. I do not wish to imply that life could be carried on without sound. The dead dullness of a forest at noonday is in itself depressing. Life, meaning, as it does, action and motion, is inseparable from sound, but sound is not necessarily noise; and, while we object to the latter, it is very obvious we could not reasonably disagree with the former, including, as it does, the existence of music itself. Suppose, for instance, that, in place of the hard causeway of our streets, wood or asphalt-paving became universal, what a wondrous diminution of noise we should find! Or, if the habit of placing indiarubber tyres on the wheels of our vehicles became a common practice, how greatly would our comfort in locomotion be increased! If, in addition to these things, we could ensure that in our homes the noise of life were reduced by the exercise of a very little care to a minimum, I warrant our health, as affected by our nerves, would be less subject to derangement than is the case to-day.

It seems an almost trivial thing to attach so much importance to noise as a factor in making us both irritable and nervous; but we are perpetually admitting the fact by our tacit abhorrence of noise, whether in the rattling of omnibus-windows (a particularly irritating form of noise) or in the grumble at the heavy feet of the "early bird," who rises betimes, and takes care that everybody within hail of him shall become well and instantly acquainted with the fact. I may go the length of suggesting that our annual holiday and country flight has the theoretical absence of noise as one but often an unrecognised reason for its continuance. We leave the bustling city with its roar and din for the quiet peaceful country-life, and the absence of noise is a condition which operates beneficially, like all other forms of rest, on our wearied and jaded nerves. But woe betide us if, leaving the city, we only run into new combinations of noise. We begin to envy Thoreau in Walden Wood, when we think of the peace and quiet that quaint zoophilist enjoyed as he made friends with the birds and beasts, and heard only the sweet sounds of forest life in place of the roar of civilisation.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MRS KELLY.—You are to be complimented upon your skill in noticing what has trapped a host of our solvers, including some of the best.

W R RAILLEN.—But we cannot say as much for you. The answer to 1. B takes P is Kt takes B (ch).

E F (Mayfair).—We have a copy of the pamphlet, but it is very rare. Your only chance of getting one is to make your want generally known. The full title is "An account of the celebrated Chess-match between Mr. Howard Staunton and Mr. Lowe by Thomas Beechey."

W B POWER.—Too simple by itself. Another move should be added to make it into a three-move mate. There is not enough variety as it stands.

K TEMPLAR.—Your new contribution contains a clever notion, but one idea does not make a two-move problem. There must be a combination of several to come up to the ordinary publishing standard.

R F WALTERS.—We must award the game to Black.

L DESANGES.—The first move is good, but the after-play is not quite of the same order. It shall, however, appear as an easy study.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2368 received from K B, J G Grant, L Desanges, Ad de Vasconcelles, K Templar, Hereford, A V Hopcroft, C Etherington, and P Q; of No. 2369 from Bernard Reynolds, L Desanges, C Etherington, Mrs Wilson, J T Pullen, K Templar, A V Hopcroft, E J Gibbs, jun, Percy Gibbs, Rev J Gaskin, O E Perugini, J W Marclant, Paul von Szivos, and J M T.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2370 received from Thomas Chown, T Roberts, Jupiter Junior, E Caselle (Paris), E E H, F F Hernandez, R H Brooks, Rev J Gaskin, S B Tallantyre, Howard A, R F N Banks, J Dixon, Mrs Wilson, Hereford, Mrs Kelly, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J T Pullen, F G Tucker, W R Raillen, W Henry, James Paul, Bingham, Shadforth, C D M (New Brighton), Edgar Piffard, R Worters (Canterbury), T G (Ware), Walter Hooper, Dr W J D Tucker (Leeds), Dr F St, Percy R Gibbs, A V Hopcroft, G J Veale, Rifleman, W H Phillips, Rev Windfeld Cooper, Cliff (Geneva), H Cooper, E Loudon, Julia Short (Exeter), H Harris, J C Tabor.

NOTE.—Some forty correspondents propose to solve this problem by 1. B takes P, overlooking that Kt takes B in reply gives check.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2368. By H. F. L. MEYER.

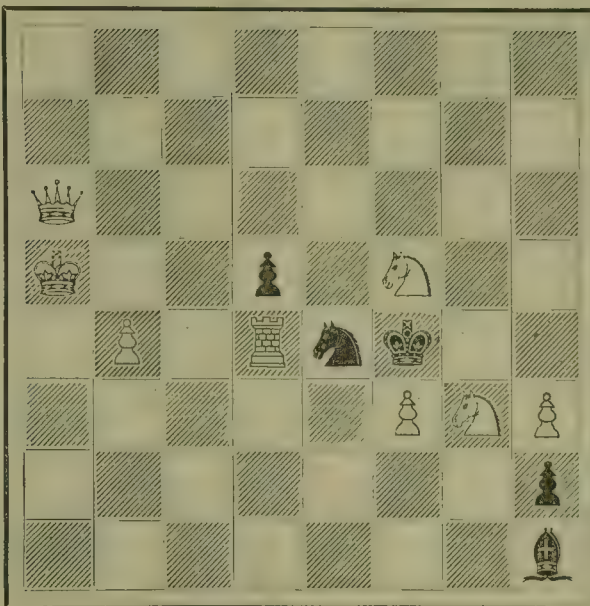
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K5 K to K2nd
2. Q to Q 6th (ch) K takes Q
3. P takes Kt. Mate.

If Black play 1. R takes P, then 2. Q takes R (ch); and if 1. R to Kt sq, 2. Q to B 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2372.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Messrs. BLOCK and JACOBS.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	27. R takes P	Q to Kt 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	28. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	29. R to Q sq	Q to R 4th
4. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	30. R to Q 2nd	Q to B 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		

The position is now similar to that arising from the Hungarian defence.

6. P to K R 3rd Kt to Q R 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd B to Q 2nd
8. B to K 3rd Castles
9. Q to Q 2nd Kt takes B
10. R P takes Kt P to Q R 3rd
11. Kt to K 2nd P to Q B 3rd

If this P must be moved, why not to B 4th? Kt to K sq, however, with the object of playing P to K B 4th, seems to be a better line of action.

12. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to B 2nd
13. Q to Kt 4th Kt to K sq
14. B to Kt 6th Q to Kt sq
15. Q to R 5th B to Q sq
16. Castles B takes B
17. Q takes B B to K 3rd
18. Kt to R 4th Kt to Q 2nd
19. Q to K 3rd P to Q sq

Whether this exchange of Bishops was worth the number of moves necessary to effect it must be a matter of opinion. We scarcely think it was.

20. Kt (R 4th) to B 5th B takes Kt
21. Kt takes B K to B 3rd
22. P to K B 4th K to R sq
23. Q to Kt 3rd R to K 3rd
24. P to Q B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
25. Q to R 4th P to B 3rd
26. R to B 3rd P takes P

It is more usual to play B to K 3rd. P to K R 3rd.

7. B takes Kt An injudicious exchange. B to K 3rd is the right move.

8. P takes B, opening the Knight's file, is a better continuation.
9. Kt to Q 5th Q to Q sq
10. P to B 3rd P to Q R 3rd
11. P to Q R 4th B to R 2nd
12. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to K 2nd
13. Q to Kt 3rd P to Q Kt 4th

A miscalculation which loses a Pawn. P to Q B 3rd appears to be his best move.

The master whose portrait figures in the last issue of the *Chess Monthly* is Dr. Tarrasch, the winner of the recent Breslau Tournament. He belongs to the medical profession, took high honours at his University, and enjoys an extensive practice at Nuremberg. The arduous duties of daily life limit his opportunities of play; but he makes the best of those presented to him, and the achievement of last August stamps him as one of the foremost of living players.

The new second-class cruiser *Barham*, of 1831 tons displacement, was launched at Portsmouth on Sept. 11, and was named by Miss Vesey Hamilton, daughter of one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

27. R takes P Q to Kt 4th
28. Q to B 2nd Kt to Kt 4th
29. R to Q sq Q to R 4th
30. R to Q 2nd Q to B 2nd

Cautiousness is evidently the order of the day; otherwise, P to Kt 4th has its attractions.

31. P to Q 4th Kt to Kt 3rd
32. R to Kt 4th P to Q 4th

The unnecessary isolation of Black's P at Q 4th must weaken his game.

33. P takes P P takes P
34. Q to Kt 3rd Q to Q 2nd
35. Q R to Q 7th Q R to K sq
36. R to K B sq R to K 5th
37. R takes R R takes R
38. P to R 4th Kt to B sq
39. P to R 5th P to R 3rd
40. Q to Q 6th Q to K B 2nd

He should have taken the Q, and in reply to Kt takes Q, R to K 2nd. If R to B 5th, R to Q 2nd, &c. White cannot safely take the Q P.

41. Kt takes R P Taking prompt advantage of Black's last move.

42. R takes P P takes Kt
43. R takes Kt (ch) Q to K 2nd
44. Q takes Q (ch) K to Kt 2nd
45. R to B 5th R takes Q
46. K to B 2nd R to Q 3rd
47. K to B 3rd R to Kt 3rd
48. P to Kt 4th P to R 4th
49. P takes P R takes P
50. R takes P, and wins.

Black has nothing better than Q to B 2nd. The sacrifice of the Q for two Rooks speedily ends in disaster, owing to White's superiority in Pawns.

18. K to K 2nd R takes R
19. Kt takes Q K takes Kt
20. Q takes P R to K sq
21. Q takes P B to K 3rd
22. Q takes P R to R 8th
23. Q to B 6th (ch) R to K 2nd
24. Kt to Kt 5th R to R 7th (ch)

A blunder which merely precipitates Black's defeat.

25. K to K 3rd K to Q 2nd
26. K takes B, and wins.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

When I happened to be over in Paris to see the Exhibition, a few weeks ago, I found that the famous "Roger la Honte" was still being played at the Ambigu Theatre. Prepared, of course, for the usual squalor and untidiness that one always finds at a French theatre, even on the beloved Boulevards—the kind of dirty dinginess and down-at-heel appearance that would not be tolerated in a tenth-rate provincial town in England—I was scarcely prepared to find the much-vaunted play such a tedious and tawdry specimen of melodramatic art. Of course the play had its good moments, many of the scenes were striking enough; but what was good was so hopelessly interwoven with what was positively bad, the comic scenes were so inexpressibly dreary, the stage pictures so ineffective, and the acting, as a rule, so bad, that I despaired of the success in England of such a play at the most fashionable theatre in our highly civilised and ultra-critical London. If Mr. Robert Buchanan makes a success out of "Roger la Honte" at the Haymarket, I said to myself, he will do wonders. There was only one really good bit of acting in the whole play. The villain Luversan was admirably acted. He shone out above his companions, and was a striking figure in the piece; but then Mr. Beerbohm Tree had elected to play innocent hero and slouching villain as well, following the example of Charles Kean and Henry Irving in "The Lyons Mail." The child of whom I had heard so much—the child who is forced by her mother to tell a series of falsehoods to save its guilty father and appear in the witness-box to bear false evidence—I found a self-conscious, artificial little parrot, about as unlike a natural stage child as well could be. The principal actors and actresses would not have been highly esteemed in England, and the great trial scene, which was supposed to be such a thrilling moment, was disfigured by the atrocious vulgarity and excess of the low comedian and by the coarse introduction of purposeless fun at a very solemn moment. Conceive a trial for murder with all its elaborate detail being relieved with clumsy pantomime, the barristers dancing a breakdown in the anteroom of the court, and the witnesses engaging in aimless buffoonery. It was as if the dream scene in "The Bells" had been suddenly mixed up with Mr. Gilbert's "Trial by Jury."

The play, as is ever the case when plays are adapted from novels, contained too much material, and was episodic rather than direct and dramatic. Mr. Robert Buchanan in "A Man's Shadow" has given us a far better play, and he has concentrated instead of scattering the interest. In four short acts he has told all that was worth telling, and enabled each of the separate artists to stand out and occupy an important part in the dramatic picture. There was originally an idea of adding a prologue in order to take up valuable time and explain what needed no explanation whatever. That course was, however, wisely abandoned. Mr. Buchanan very sensibly saw that the changes needed were at the end and not the beginning.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is well known as a swift delineator of marked character. The more he can interpret the better he is pleased. He is greedy for work, and loves adding to his portrait gallery. It was therefore desired, from the industrious artist's point of view, to double the good man with the scoundrel. A veritable *tour de force* has been accomplished. The play does not necessitate the change, but the artist—being a manager—jumps at the chance. Nervousness on the first night I imagine prevented Mr. Tree from doing all that he intended to do with victim and spy alike. He performed a very difficult task with exceptional brilliancy and artistic resource, but I expect a far finer performance later on. The two men are distinct, and yet suggest one another, in manner possibly a little too much. It will be the spy who will be worked up as time goes on; for, like all able artists, Mr. Tree is never at rest. He is always brooding and polishing. When Miss Julia Neilson first appeared on the stage, she, or her friends, insisted that she was to reverse all the tradition of stage history. Others might profit by experience, practice, and study; she was supposed to be perfect in her novitiate. Those who did not bow down to this ridiculous heresy were roundly abused for their impertinence. Her mildest critics were threatened with dire consequences and were doomed to monetary penalties, because they unfortunately could not discover in this pretty and accomplished lady a perfected Siddons or a matured Rachel. The kindest and mildest comments on the clever work of a novice were absurdly misunderstood, and it was impudently pretended that the solemn truth was cruelty, and that a brave young heart was likely to be broken by the critics' spleen. By great good luck Miss Julia Neilson has been saved from her friends. All her early faults have disappeared. She is no longer overtrained, overtaught, overpersuaded. She thinks and acts for herself. She has been into the country, she has studied her art, she has gained experience by practice, and she bids fair to be an actress of great attainment and brilliancy. In the new play she has a part of exceptional difficulty, one that would test the strength of an actress far more learned in her art. She has a fine stage presence, a deep rich voice, and a sudden command of power. Her scene as the neglected woman, whose bitter past is a lovelier memory to her than her hated present, was finely rendered, and she left a very favourable impression on a very critical audience. That a young lady of talent and high ambition was ever made the scapegoat in a senseless and undignified dispute between an author with the irritability of his race and a critic with the sensitiveness of his class was her misfortune, not her fault. Her emphatic success at her second venture, and the candid admission of it, may help to bury in oblivion a literary quarrel as rancorous as it was unnecessary.

Mr. James Fernandez at once touched the true dramatic point of the play. When the time came for his dramatic opportunity he never left it. The spy delivered up the fatal letter. The counsel in it read his shame and the moral horror of having to defend for his life the man he loved, but who had injured him beyond the power of pardon. The French actor read the character one way; the English actor took a different view. The French actor, tame, pale, nervous, led up to the sudden death; the English actor, robust, hearty, trusting, made the death a shock and a surprise. Both are conceivable; both are effective. French actor and English actor alike recognised the one strong dramatic moment of the play, and for these things the Haymarket play is worth seeing—for the artistic versatility of Mr. Tree, for the dramatic intensity of Mr. Fernandez, for the sweet naturalness of the little child so sweetly rendered by Miss Minnie Terry, whose intelligence is almost abnormal. Mrs. Tree helped the play at its dangerous moments, and should be thanked for her earnestness and her stern struggle with a difficult and thankless part. And the play will succeed because it is novel, because it is strange; not because it convinces, but because it startles. Without Mr. Buchanan's aid and judgment it must have failed utterly. C. S.

A duel with swords was fought on Sept. 14 between M. Lalou, director of the journal *La France*, and M. Canivet, director of the *Paris*. M. Lalou was wounded in the hand.

DARWINISM.*

The First of July, 1858, remains as a red-letter day in the annals of the Linnean Society of London. On that occasion, two celebrated papers were read before the learned body in question—one paper having been written by Charles Darwin, and the other by Alfred Russel Wallace. Both papers dealt with what, thirty odd years ago, was a new and startling theory of the origin and becoming of living things. Mr. Darwin's paper was occupied with a theory or suggestion as to the origin of species: a fragment this, destined later on to blossom forth into a big and celebrated book. Mr. Wallace's paper discussed the question of "the tendency of varieties to depart indefinitely from the original type." Darwin and Wallace were thus giving to the world of science, on one and the same evening, the first-fruits of their wanderings over the face of the globe. The former had been botanising and geologising on board the Beagle; the latter had been investigating the conditions of life in that wonderland the Malay Archipelago. It is not wonderful to find two astronomers discovering the same planet. The eye of science, fortified by the predictions of mathematics, is scanning and sweeping the horizon in tacit expectation of a celestial find. There is no chance in astronomical prediction or research. All is plain-sailing enough, save for the difficulties of seeing far and seeing clearly. But in the domain of biology it is a different matter. What two men think about animals and plants can by no rule of three or other mathematical calculation be brought into harmony. Therefore the advent of new views about the origin of living beings, enunciated by two distinguished men, as the result of utterly independent observations, forms not the least remarkable phase in the progress of what gentle and simple alike to-day know under the name of "evolution," and under that of the "development theory" likewise. To Charles Darwin undoubtedly belongs the merit and glory of the full exposition of this theory—modified, altered, and transmogrified as it has been by lesser lights since 1858; but Alfred Russel Wallace has been a trusty henchman in the field of controversy, and no one more frankly acknowledged Mr. Wallace's claims to recognition as an original thinker than the great master of biological lore who sleeps quietly and peacefully in the shades of our ancient Abbey.

It was a graceful act of Mr. Wallace, in our opinion, to call the volume before us "Darwinism." There was no reason why it should not have been called "Wallaceism," and justly so; but great minds are content to sink claims to words and views when they are about the important business of discovering facts and of advancing truth. So Mr. Wallace has styled his book by Darwin's name, and no one will find fault with his choice of a title. What it was that Darwin taught may appropriately be recalled to our minds. Every kind (or species) of animals and plants, said he, tends to vary from its type. We do not find Nature slavishly reproducing her children in one and the same mould. Of fifty seeds borne by the same parent, several are sure to grow up into plants differing more, or less widely from the parental type. This is the starting-point of the whole theory, and it is a capital pivot for the argument, because it is so true. Then comes Darwin's second consideration. The variations which thus occur in animals and plants are transmitted to their offspring. "Like begets like" is a motto which really cuts both

ways when we apply it to living things. We know that in breeding animals we have the power of causing particular traits of form, colour, size, and so on to appear in the progeny; and we effect this work by "selecting" as the parents of our intended breeds the animals (or plants) which possess the distinctive traits we desire to perpetuate. So far the argument is clear and tangible enough. Then succeeds the statement that far more animals and plants are produced than can find means of subsistence. Hence ensues the "struggle for existence," a happy phrase which we owe to Mr. Herbert Spencer. In this struggle the weaklings go to the wall and the stronger or fitter survive, the stronger being those units which are best adapted to their surroundings. But the face of Nature and all physical things are constantly changing; so that Darwinism holds there is a direct encouragement given to these members of a species which vary from the parent type over those which do not vary. Thuswise, with variation favoured, it is held that the members of a species tend to depart further and further from their apparently fixed form and features. We get varieties first produced, then these varieties crystallise into races; and finally, when the races vary sufficiently from the original form, it is held we have found the clue to the origin of new species. This is a mere outline of Darwinism, but it may serve to show the reader what Mr. Wallace treats of in the volume before us. Darwinism is retrospective as well as anticipatory in its nature. Looking to the varied groups of living beings which comprise the organic universe to-day, Darwin was found expressing his belief that, despite their infinite variety, they might well be regarded as having descended from a few primeval forms. Mr. Wallace follows suit, and, indeed, discharges what to our mind is, in one sense, a most admirable and very necessary labour in these latter days—namely, the task of clearing Darwinism from the theoretical overgrowths and accretions wherewith theorists and speculative writers more (or less) famous have of late been content to conceal the work of Mr. Wallace's great colleague.

We can assure our readers that it will prove a high and delightful treat to the intellectual mind to peruse attentively Mr. Wallace's pages. Much of what we are compelled to admit appears in Darwin's own pages as a highly technical argument is detailed by Mr. Wallace broadly, and in a fashion "to be understood of the people." Readers who want to know how and why variation occurs, what are the causes of variation, how far variation extends, how domestication affects species, how far fertility and infertility affect the main issues of the subject, how and why colour is a means of evolution, what sex implies in development, how we can read clearly the problems of the distribution of animals and plants under the light of evolution, and how geology supports Darwinism, will find their aspirations gratified by a careful perusal of the volume under notice. Perhaps it is only Mr. Wallace who, of all living men, could have given us such an able digest of Darwinism. To multiply volumes on special aspects of evolution would be easy; but here, as elsewhere, in making of many books there is sorrow; and it is a much more difficult business that of writing an exact and readable *précis* of evolution at large than is that of devoting a whole tome to the discussion of a family of beetles or the forces which have evolved the skull of the cod. Higher praise than this Mr. Wallace's book need not demand or expect; it is, in a word, one of the best manuals of evolution which up to the present date has been produced.

When Darwinism was first enunciated as a theory of living nature and its origins, it was met with a storm of opposition

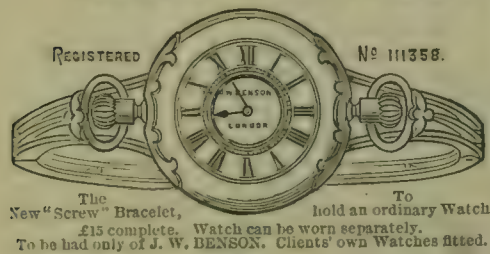
from more than one camp of thought. This was only natural; but the lapse of thirty years makes a wonderful difference in the opinions of men, and the best minds, both lay and theological, have accepted Darwinism as a theory of organic development which they do not find inconsistent with their religious beliefs. This result is gratifying alike to religion and to science. Knowledge grows from "more to more," but faith need not trouble for its verities. This is the testimony of the best minds of our many-sided age, and that Mr. Wallace's book will aid the acceptance of reasonable evolution by the people cannot be doubted. There is not a page in it which contains any statement subversive of religious faith; but in saying so much we do not imply that bigotry of the ignorant type will consent to its conclusions—probably, indeed, bigoted minds will not read the book at all. But theirs will be the loss in that event. Mr. Wallace, as is well known, has accepted views of man's spiritual nature which by no means meet with the accord of science, or, indeed, of most theologians. He is a supporter of "Spiritualism" in certain of its phases at least; hence we are perfectly prepared for his contention that man owes his high place in nature to causes and conditions from the sway of which the lower animals are free. Yet, even here, our author is not at variance, but, on the contrary, is in thorough agreement, with orthodox views; and it is his fairness and impartiality in the statement of his position which will best commend his writings to the notice of scientists and theologians alike. His book is one to be read and re-read. It deserves to occupy a permanent place on the shelf of every library, big or little, and whether owned by the community or representing simply the few and choice volumes of the earnest student of human life and nature at large.

The *Daily News* Correspondent at Berlin states that the work of the revision of the Bible has proceeded so far that a conference of Revisers is to take place at the beginning of October. Not only has the Old Testament been revised, but the revised version of the New Testament has been again corrected, this having proved necessary to ensure exact conformity.

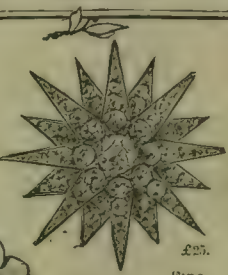
Comical cases are sometimes heard at police-courts. A young man presented himself at Woolwich Court, accompanied by a young woman, to ask advice. He said: I was married to this young lady on Tuesday, and went to live at her house. I took my goods to make the place more comfortable, and next day the brokers came in and took everything belonging to both of us. They said it was for rent, and the lady admits that there was some owing, though she did not tell me so before we were married; and what I want to know is whether the brokers have any right to seize my things for her debts.—Mr. Marsham: No doubt they have. When you marry a lady you take her debts upon yourself.—Applicant: That is jolly hard law.—Mr. Marsham: Everybody is supposed to know it. You would be liable just the same for the support of her children if she had any.—Applicant: Oh, I know that; she was a widow with four. (Laughter.) But to take my furniture just as I had got it in all ready for them was more than I bargained for.—The Wife: Couldn't we get back his mother's clock?—Mr. Marsham: You can probably get back all by paying the rent.—Applicant: Well, the rent is paid now, and we have nothing left but the youngsters, and an old pot to boil the potatoes in. (Laughter.) But we will make another start, and I dare say we shall do all right.—Mr. Marsham: Yes, make a fresh start.

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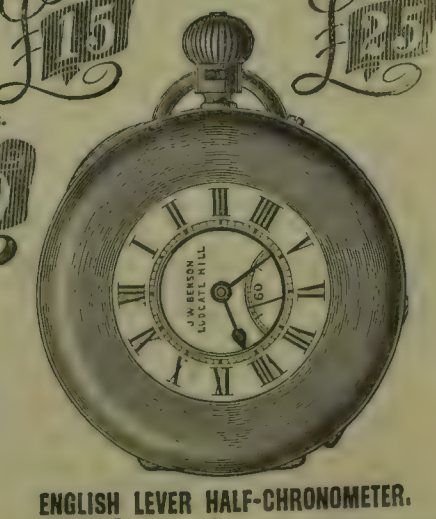
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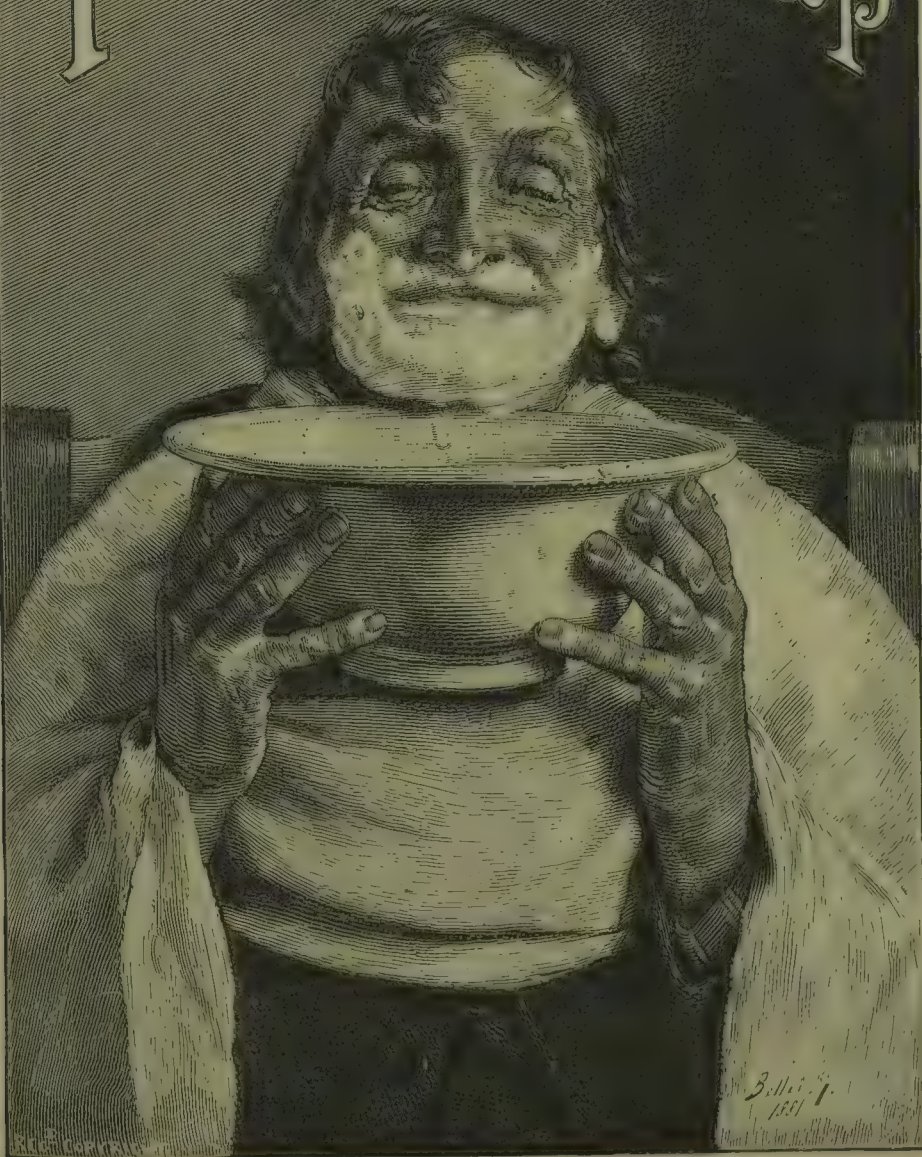
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"LONDON DAY BY DAY."

Good luck continues to follow at the heels of George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. A typical Adelphi audience, good-natured, hearty, appreciative, and with a strong sense of humour, has awarded the hall-mark of success to the dramatic scenes, the quaint characters, and the witty dialogue contained in "London Day by Day." The new play has no affinity to "The Streets of London" or "After Dark," which were, after all, mere makeshifts altered from the French and cut and trimmed to an English pattern. The Adelphi brothers need no suggestion of the kind, and know their London well enough, its scenes and its characters, to enable them to write a dozen dramas to illustrate the sorrows of the poor and the humours of the rich. On the serious side of the picture we have a young girl whose whole life has been embittered by a false accusation that has sent her to prison, from whose taint she can never free herself; a married woman, united to a blackleg, who in her desire to prove the innocence of her guiltless sister is brutally murdered by the French miscreant who has preyed on her all her life; a bright young English gentleman, who sacrifices home and a good father's love in order to become the champion of the fair convict; and a cheery, good-hearted American gentleman, who crosses the Atlantic to prove a poor girl's innocence, and to compensate for her life's sorrow by the award of an enormous fortune. In order properly to illustrate these leading characters, four artists of the first rank have been engaged. Miss Alma Murray, who has appeared in classical masterpieces and has illustrated Shakspeare and Byron, one of the most intelligent artists on the English stage, does not think it beneath her dignity or in discord with her sense of art to depict the poignant sorrow of an ill-used London schoolmistress. Mr. George Alexander leaves the poetic company of Goethe and Faust and Shakspeare and Macduff to show us that melodrama can be made interesting without excess and fury, and that it is possible for an Englishman to make love on the stage. I do not think that I am very far wrong when I say that we have had no more interesting and unaffected young actor on the stage since we lost H. J. Montague. He bears himself so modestly, his manner is so persuasive, and he never seems to pose, as so many young actors do, as absolutely irresistible. There is a theory that every refined actor must be spoiled when he treads the Adelphi boards. Let us trust it will not be the case with Mr. George Alexander, or his many friends will regret that he ever left the classical Lyceum even for a short season.

Miss Mary Rorke has immensely improved as an actress, and bids fair to become the stage's best representative of the young and interesting wife. Excellent as she was as the mother of the little Lord Fauntleroy and the wife in "Richard the Third," she is even better in this new melodrama, and carries force and conviction with her in the two best scenes in the play, assisted, of course, by Mr. Alexander in the one case and by M. Marius in the other. Add to these Mr. J. D. Beveridge—a clever and experienced actor, who for the moment is allowed to appear as a sympathetic, good-natured fellow, and not a tyrant—and we have as good representatives of the serious interest as any would desire to see. With the name of Mr. George R. Sims on the playbill we are pretty sure to see a strong relief of comic character. It comes in abundance in the new Adelphi play. Stage Jews are evidently not yet played out. The mantle of the late Harry Jackson has fallen upon Mr. Lionel Rignold, who keeps the house in roars of laughter with the most modern and certainly the best Jew

that the stage has seen for many a long year. Mr. Askelon, a Hebrew money-lending solicitor, who plucks aristocratic pigeons, swells it about in Bohemian clubs, brags about "a particular friend of mine," swaggers in success and whines in misfortune, is an easily recognised type. His pathos is as diverting as his humour. By his side we have the modern hansom-cab driver, who associates with swells, and gets himself up as a "toff," ably rendered by Mr. J. L. Shine, whose merry face and cheery style are infectious. Both Mr. Shine and Mr. James East have studied the fast cabman and his rowdy patron of the Bohemian clubs from nature, and the success of the simple caricature is complete. It is continually being dinned into our ears by the "quidnuncs" that conventionality on the stage is doomed to certain death. We see no sign of it at present. The stage Jew did not die with Harry Jackson; and Miss Jennie Lee, the well-remembered Joe, has a brilliant successor in Miss Kate James, whose street arab is one of the most genuine bits of modern London character in the play. Why should they die, these types? They amuse, and they amuse innocently. Miss Kate James is a brilliant representative of the school that gave us a Mrs. Koeley and a Marie Wilton; and if she were called upon to do so she would doubtless make a fair show as Jack Sheppard, and do herself justice as Polly Eccles. There may have been better instances of dramatic workmanship than "London Day by Day." Every now and then it looks as if the original scheme had been changed, for some of the scenes do not hang very well together. The minor occasionally swamps the major interest, but the comedy saves the drama. The play may not be so useful as its predecessors for New York or Melbourne without a special process of adaptation, but it does well enough for London, and it will cheer the provinces; and that is the first consideration.—C. S.

Mr. Buchanan's play "A Man's Shadow" is noticed on another page.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have arrived at Alnwick Castle for a residence of several months.

Professor Archibald Barr, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has been appointed Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in the University of Glasgow, in the room of Professor James Thomson, resigned.

The Rev. Gethin Davies, D.D., Llangollen, Principal of the North Wales Baptist College, has received a cheque for £20,000 from Alderman Cory, J.P., of Cardiff, as an endowment for the theological chair at Llangollen College. Alderman Cory has also promised a further donation of £2000 to the home mission funds connected with the college.

The Cheshire farmers are directing special attention to the breeding of horses for agricultural and hack purposes, and on Sept. 14, under the auspices of the Chester Farmers' Club, a show of mares and foals was held at Chester. The Duke of Westminster takes a deep interest in the movement. Prizes were given for the best mares and foals in the show, and the general opinion among judges was that the exhibition was the best of the class held in the locality for many years.

The cycling season was practically brought to a close on Sept. 14 by the meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club at Kennington Oval. The challenge cup for the ten-mile race was won by Mr. J. H. Adams, of the Lewisham Club, in the time of 31 min. 10 sec., which beats the record over grass tracks by nearly a minute and a half. A special prize was awarded to Mr. H. J. Howard, the Essex champion, for leading in the greatest number of laps.

CLOSE OF THE DOCK LABOURERS' STRIKE.

The dock labourers and others who were recently out on strike have resumed work. The agreement between the dock directors and the strike leaders was signed on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14, by all the parties concerned, the lightermen, together with the men on the Surrey side of the river, who have grievances of their own, having been induced to follow the example of the majority of the men on the understanding that their claims shall be at once inquired into. At an early hour on Monday morning, the 16th, large crowds assembled outside the gates of the various docks to resume work, in accordance with the agreement drawn up on Saturday. It was soon found, however, that the applicants for work were so numerous that only a comparatively small proportion of them had a chance of employment. The men who were engaged discovered on entering the docks that work was being carried on extensively by "black-legs." Many of the men refused to work under these circumstances, and at some places, notably at the Albert and Victoria Docks, the workers were subjected to violence at the hands of the malcontents. A long conference between the committee of conciliation, the strike leaders, and two of the dock directors took place during the afternoon at the Mansion House. It was agreed, after a friendly discussion, that the terms of the settlement should be posted up in the docks, and that both the dock authorities and the strike leaders should use their efforts in the direction of bringing about a satisfactory understanding among the men. Several collisions, nevertheless, took place, especially at the Albert Dock. A large meeting to congratulate the men on their victory was held at Poplar in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P.

ROYAL NAVAL HOUSE, SYDNEY.

In our issue of Sept. 7 a paragraph appeared referring to the laying the foundation-stone of the Royal Naval House, Sydney, New South Wales, by Lady Carrington. The paragraph stated that the building is being erected at a cost of £7000 by the Church of England Missions to Seamen for the use of the 2500 men-of-war's men employed in the Australian seas. In correction of this statement Mr. James R. Fairfax, of the London office of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, writes as follows: "Will you allow me to say that the Church of England Missions to Seamen has nothing whatever to do with the Royal Naval House. The £7000 was contributed by various subscribers in sums from £2000, £1000, and lesser amounts quite apart from any society, Church of England or other. The New South Wales Government could not give the land upon which the House is being built to a society or mission of any religious sect or denomination. The House is offered as a home to the large number of sailors and marines, while on shore, belonging to her Majesty's ships visiting the port of Sydney, without regard to creed or religion. The Royal Naval House originated in the Goodenough House, initiated by Lady Hosking, when she was in Sydney, as a tribute to the memory of the late Commodore Goodenough; and, seeing that the accommodation was not sufficient, the Government of New South Wales, at the suggestion of those interested in the welfare of sailors, paid for the new site, and the £7000 was subscribed by residents of New South Wales as the beginning of the Building Fund, which will no doubt be largely increased as needed. As I am a member of the committee of the Goodenough House, and one of the trustees of the Royal Naval House, I venture to ask you to correct the wrong impression conveyed in the paragraph referred to.—JAMES R. FAIRFAX."

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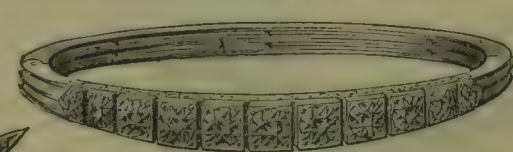
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If England to itself do rest but true."

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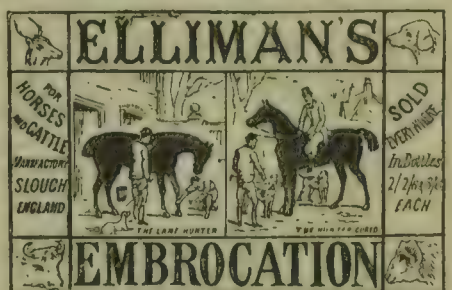
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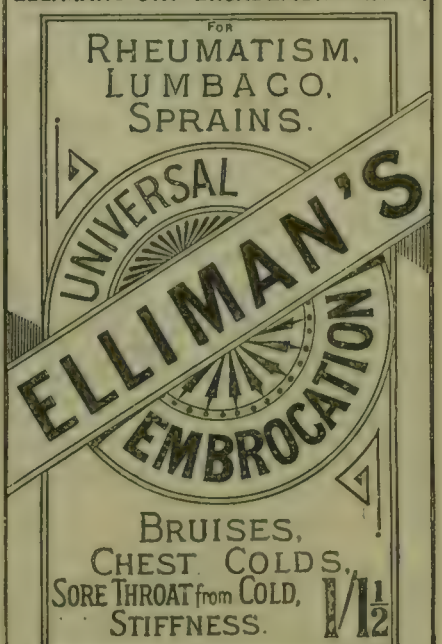
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Walking is by far the most agreeable mode of travelling in Switzerland where the train does not go—walking, that is to say, not carried beyond the powers of the individual. It appears to us that men and women do not as a rule seem quite happy together here. Many ladies, it is true, are capable of long walks, and can vie with men. But, as a general rule, a man can do more in this respect than a woman; and when they are in company, either the stronger is restrained and bored or the weaker is overdone. Fathers and daughters seem to do best: the diminished strength of the passing years places the elderly man more on an equality with the girl. But husbands and wives (omitting, of course, the honeymooning couples, who do not count in any reasonable consideration of travelling) have usually a look of dissatisfaction.

Although walking is so much the best means of going about in Switzerland; it has its dangers. The air of the high elevations is so stimulating that people are apt to overdo their strength, and not to become aware till afterwards that they have over-exerted themselves. This applies, indeed, to holidays in other places also. How often it happens that a man comes back from a holiday rather worse than better for it, because he has done something too much during the time—walked too much, smoked too much, or committed some other folly of which in his business days he would have been incapable! But in Switzerland the temptation to over-walk is very great, both because there is so much to interest the mind on the way, and because of the exhilarating effect of the mountain air. One is often very high without being really aware of it, because the mountains around are higher still. But the stimulation of the air is felt at a few thousand feet above sea-level, though the situation of that altitude may be, comparatively to its surroundings, a valley. Hence, when a man takes his female relations to Switzerland, he should be careful not to let them walk too much. Women of the right sort are very plucky—"Generous as a horse is generous," as I once heard a great statesman put it—and are very likely to exert themselves beyond their strength rather than allow their more muscular companions to be hampered by their weakness. But I end as I began on this point—a man who is a great walker had better go to Switzerland with other men and not with ladies.

The happiest parties are certainly those of two men of about equal years and physical powers. We have very little opportunity of judging of the happiness of two women in a similar case, for we have not known of any other couple of "unprotected females" besides ourselves. We have seen a mother and two or three daughters, and a bevy of elderly ladies looked after by one girl; but we have not become aware of any couple of young women travelling alone. There is no reason for this: travelling in Switzerland is as commonplace and civilised a business as possible, and any two women would be perfectly safe and at ease.

We did look with interest, however, on an old lady whom we met travelling absolutely by herself, with neither companion nor maid, and walking everywhere. She had walked over the Gemmi by herself; and she had walked up to the Riffelberg Hotel by herself—and she was not far short of seventy years of age. She made me think of Ida Pfeiffer, the great woman traveller, who went twice round the world alone, at a time when travelling was more laborious and difficult than it is now—half a century ago. All her life, Frau Pfeiffer had a longing to travel; but she had

a family, and she was therefore not at liberty to go till she was over fifty years old. It was between the ages of fifty and seventy that she made her remarkable series of voyages and inland travels, and showed for the first time how well a quiet but energetic woman can enjoy the happiness and face the perils and difficulties of travel alone.

That intrepid traveller is perhaps now almost forgotten, but she well deserves to be remembered. On her first voyage round the world, she went direct from Hamburg to Brazil, in a sailing vessel, with unfavourable winds, the voyage lasting two and a half months. In Brazil, she made travels into the interior, very different in their incidents from the holiday work of ordinary Swiss travel to-day. On one occasion her negro guide tried to murder her, by striking her with a hatchet. She bravely defended herself with her umbrella and her pocket knife, but only the timely arrival of another party of negroes saved her life at last. Another time she had been waiting for some weeks for a vessel to take her from Valparaiso to China, and when at length the ship was ready to go Madame Pfeiffer was extremely ill. "But I would not lose the rare opportunity of going to China," she says, "nor would I lose the two hundred dollars which I had paid for my passage. I went then on board in full confidence in my good star, which had hitherto never abandoned me in my voyages." The intrepid old lady was justified in her faith: when she left doctors, nurses, and sick-room cookery behind her, and committed herself to a tiny cabin and ship food, she recovered.

In China, Ida Pfeiffer made a voyage in a junk with no other European and no other woman on board, and completed safely a journey along the Pearl River, though six young Englishmen attempting to do the same voyage only a few weeks later were all killed. In India, she travelled for weeks for the sake of economy in a waggon drawn by oxen. From Bombay to Persia she went as a deck passenger, sleeping on deck for eight nights. Everywhere she had to consider chiefly the cheapness of her mode of transit, for she had only an absurdly small sum of money to carry her through her great adventure. She found many people the more ready to advise and assist her for this reason, but not all. Money is a great smoother of the ways in travel. She says about one of her own countrymen, the Austrian ambassador at Rio—"I might tell many tales of this Count, all of whose manners gave me to understand that it was very awkward on my part not to have sprung from an opulent and aristocratic family. Very different were the English in Calcutta, who honoured me for myself without asking after my ancestry."

Well, the ordinary traveller in Switzerland, going along beaten tracks, finding good hotels everywhere, and everywhere also people who can talk either French or English, has not much to boast of in safely accomplishing a journey. The hotels of Switzerland are, indeed, very good; and, in addition, they are much more reasonable in price, as a rule, than those of England. It is unfortunate that our own hotel-keepers should charge more highly than the Swiss, but it is undoubtedly the fact. I have travelled extensively in my own country; and I have found, not occasionally, but as the rule, the accommodation less good, and the charges much higher, than is the case in Switzerland. So long as this is true, it is not surprising if English people are to be found in considerable numbers who know Switzerland far better than they know their own native land. But, without regard to the charges and comfort of the hotels, no holiday at home can present anything like the interest and variety of foreign travel, or can make so complete a break

in the monotony of existence. Everything abroad is different from at home—the sky, the scenery, the vegetation, the buildings, the costumes, the language, the food, the cooking, and the habits. The brain-worker can in no other way get such rest and such mind-repair as by foreign travel; and no women need hesitate to take the great pleasure and benefit of going abroad simply because they would have to go without male escort.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Messrs. Elliman, Sons, and Co., Slough, England, have been awarded a diploma of honour and a gold medal at the Cologne International Sports Exhibition, for their Royal Embrocation for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs.

Under the auspices of the National Chrysanthemum Society a fine display of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and gladioli has taken place in the Westminster Royal Aquarium. All kinds of these flowers, bearing the richest colours, were exhibited by the principal florists.—The thirty-second annual autumn show of the Brighton Horticultural Society has been held at the Royal Pavilion, the entries being far above the average, and the exhibits of finer quality.

In fine weather, the most important rifle competition in which the metropolitan rifle volunteers are annually engaged came off on Sept. 13 at the Park ranges, near Tottenham, and attracted a large assemblage of the principal shots of Middlesex, the City of London, the Tower Hamlets, and other parts of London. Sergeant J. F. Wood, of the Light Cavalry, Honourable Artillery Company, won the gold badge and the championship of London with 273 points. Corporal W. Scott, London Scottish, won the silver badge with 269; and for the bronze badge Captain Rose and Sergeant Fulton tied at 266 points each. Captain Rose won the Duke of Westminster's trophy with a score of 99 out of a possible 105.

We are progressing. The employer of a servant girl communicated a singular story to a Magistrate of a West London Police-Court. He stated that his servant, who was only nineteen years of age, receiving wages of £13 per annum, bought a piano on the hire system at monthly instalments of 12s. 6d. She had paid £7, and on returning from the seaside, where she had been with his family, she found that the piano had been taken away. Replying to the Magistrate, he said she was in default of two payments, but left a message stating that she would pay up on returning from the seaside. The piano was taken from the house of her master. He also stated that the servant could not read or write. The Magistrate advised an action in the County Court for the recovery of the money which had been paid.

On Sept. 14 the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Working Men's Club and Institute was held at Toynbee Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Hodgson Pratt. The annual report, read by the chairman, stated that after twenty-six years' existence as a voluntary organisation it had now become a legally constituted corporate body. One pleasant feature in connection with the union was the Saturday afternoon visits to places of interest. During the year recreative competitions had been indulged in, such as rifle-shooting, swimming, whist, billiards, chess, and rowing. Educational and ambulance classes were also held, and the usual trip to the Paris Exhibition was included among the features of the union. The financial position of the club was improving satisfactorily in all parts of the country. The meeting closed with a social tea-party, after which the union certificates and prizes were presented.

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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, in an article published in "HEALTH," writes:—

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A BARRISTER'S OPINION.—F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab), writing from Haywardsfield, Gloucestershire, says: "Dear Sir,—I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. When I first consulted you, three years ago, I had almost resigned hope of being anything but a complete invalid all my life. At that time my vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. From the time I put myself in your hands my

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DEBILITY.—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Gosh-street, Liverpool, writes, Dec. 3, 1888: "Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

WEAK BACK AND SEVERE HEADACHES.—Miss M. RAMSEY, 55, Wenlock-st., Hoxton, N., writes, April 4, 1889: "The effect was wonderful—I feel like a different person."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION & PALPITATION.—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes, March 9, 1889: "The Electropathic Belt, which I had on Feb. 19, has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

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"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888:—

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1837) of Mr. James Collier Harter, J.P., late of Leamington, Warwickshire, who died on June 20 last, was proved at the Birmingham District Registry on Aug. 24 by William James Harter and Gilbert James Collier Harter, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £267,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to his cousin, Mr. W. J. Harter; an annuity of £50 to his stud groom, David Scarborough; £500 to his housekeeper, Mary Chatterley, if in his service at his death; one year's wages to each of his servants with him at his death who has been ten years in his service; £500 to the Warneford Hospital at Leamington; and the wines, spirits, and cigars at his residence to his son Gilbert James Collier. Two sums of £10,000 and the other trust funds under his marriage settlement he appoints to his three sons, George Lloyd Foster, Gilbert James Collier, and Percival La Trobe; and he leaves £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Gertrude Sophia Mary O'Brien for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said three sons, but certain sums advanced to or settled upon them are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1862) of Mr. Francis Croughton Stileman, C.E., late of No. 23, Great George-street, Westminster, and of No. 30, Collingham-place, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, who died on May 18 last, was proved on Aug. 26 by Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Stileman, the widow, and Richard Stileman, the brother, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and his household furniture, effects, and consumable stores to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1886) of the Rev. Matthew Thomas Farrer, late of Ingleborough, West Riding of Yorkshire, who died on July 14, at No. 50, Ennismore-gardens, was proved on Sept. 3 by James Anson Farrer, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator gives £3000 to his son William; £2000 to his son Matthew George; £4300 to his daughter Mary Charlotte; and the residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, to his eldest son, James Anson.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1888) of Mrs. Susanna Cuddon, late of No. 44, Park-road, Haverstock-hill, who died on July 29 last, was proved on Aug. 29 by John Henry Smith and Austin Cook Smith, the nephews, the surviving executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testa-

trix devises and bequeaths all her real estate (including her two sixths or one third of an adventurer's share in the New River Company) and all her personal estate to her executors, upon trust, to pay £14,000 to the children of her late brother Richard Smith; £14,000 to the children of her late brother John Smith; £4000 to her brother Samuel Smith; £5000 to the children of her sister Elizabeth Cuddon; £500 to Frederic Smith; £50 each to William Cuddon and Theresa Lambert; and to divide the residue between her nine nephews and nieces, the children of her said brothers, Richard, John, and Samuel.

The will (dated April 23, 1884), with two codicils (dated Dec. 30, 1886, and April 14, 1887), of Colonel Alexander William Adair, M.A., J.P., formerly commanding the Prince Albert's Light Infantry, late of Heatherton Park, Somersetshire, who died on May 16 last, at Bath, was proved on Aug. 30 by the Rev. Hugh Jenison Adair, the brother, and William Long, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £17,000. The testator leaves his pictures, prints, books, manuscripts, and medals as heirlooms to go with his settled real estate, but gives power to his daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Carter Wood, within a twelvemonth to appoint them to a member of the Shafto Adair family, or to go with the Flixton estate. Out of the moiety to which he is entitled of a rent-charge of £1000 per annum, he gives £200 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Maria Adair, and the remainder of the said moiety to, or upon trust for, his said daughter; the residue of his real estate is settled in such manner that his daughter will become tenant in tail by her surviving her father, the testator. All his furniture, plate, household effects, horses and carriages, are to go to the person who first after his death takes an estate for life or in tail of his real estate. He bequeaths £500 to each executor; £1000 additional to Mr. Long; £200 to his wife; £1000 to his daughter; and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her issue and children.

The Prince of Monaco died on Sept. 10, at the Château Marchais, near Laon. He was in his seventy-first year, and is succeeded by his son, Prince Albert, born in 1848.

While Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier, was driving in Naples on Sept. 13, two stones were thrown at him by a man, who was at once arrested. One of the missiles struck the Premier in the face, but he was only slightly hurt. The name of the aggressor is Emilio Caporali. He is twenty-one years of age, and is a native of Canossa, in the Province of the Puglie. He seems to be labouring from over-excitement, bordering on insanity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

At the Paris Autumn Meeting, on Sept. 15, Baron de Rothschild won the Omnium (French Cesarewitch) with Amazon, and ran second with Tiro Larigot, the Duke de Feltre's Achilles occupying third place.—The International Monetary Congress concluded in Paris on the 14th. At the closing sitting the President read a letter from Signor Cernuschi, one of the Vice-Presidents, offering a prize of 10,000f. to the author of the best essay describing the effects upon the values of gold and silver now and in the future of establishing a bimetallic standard upon certain specified conditions.—The International Railway Congress was opened at Paris on the 14th by M. Yves Guyot, Minister of Public Works, who gave an address on the progress made in railway management during the Republic.—Mr. Edison and his family left Paris on the 11th for Germany. The great electrician has been received in Paris with more than Royal honours.—The following are the prizes won by the British exhibitors at the Paris Horse Show: The Stand Stud Company, Whitefield, Manchester, have exhibited fifteen horses, and have received six first prizes, six gold medals, four second prizes, and five silver medals. Mr. Burdett-Coutts exhibited seven horses, and received two first prizes. Mr. Bruce received prizes for three Shetland ponies.—On the 14th the free performance of the "Ode Triomphale" in honour of the Republic, in the Palais de l'Industrie, was attended by about 30,000 people. Most of those who were present belonged to the poorest classes. Next night another fête took place in the Palais de l'Industrie for the benefit of the victims of the Antwerp explosion. There was a musical competition between French and foreign bands, over which the composer M. Ambroise Thomas presided. The selections played comprised Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" and the overture of "Patrie." M. Carnot sent £400 to increase the receipts of the performance.

The Emperor William has been most cordially received at Minden and Hanover, his Majesty reviewing troops at both places. Her Majesty accompanied him to Hanover, where they were joined by the Czarewitch.—The Empress Frederick, accompanied by her three daughters, arrived at Potsdam on Sept. 15, and visited the grave of her son, Prince Sigismund, who died twenty-three years ago.—The Emperor has bestowed the gold medal for Art, of which Herr Joachim was the last recipient, upon Frau Clara Schumann, the pianist, widow of the great composer.—Mr. Edison has visited Berlin.

Nine persons are reported to have been killed and several others injured in religious riots which were provoked at Rohtak during the Moslem festival of the Mohurram.

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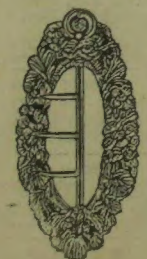
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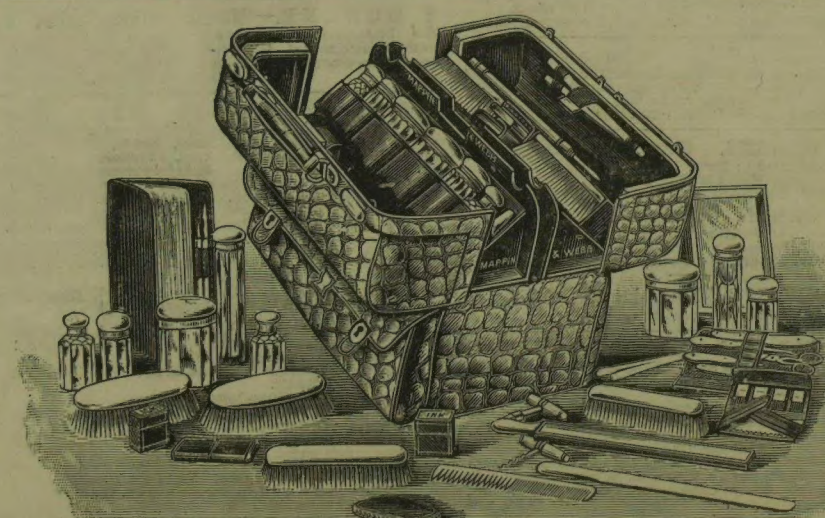
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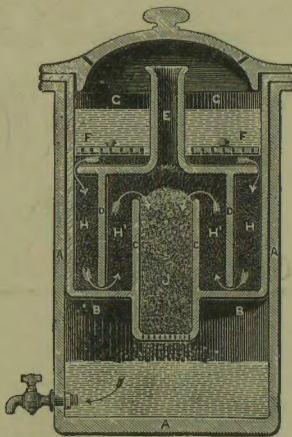
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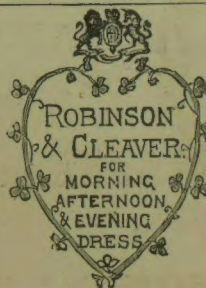
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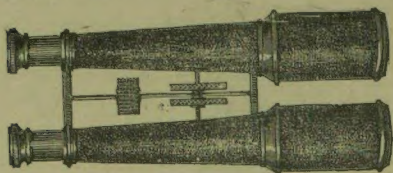
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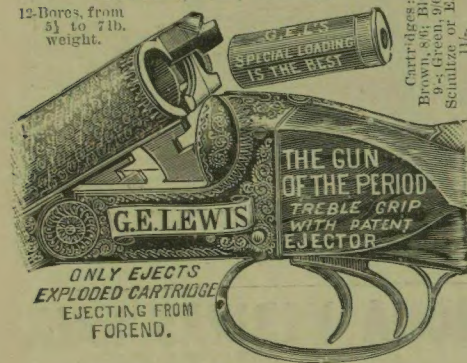
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